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SORROW'S TEACHING.

NOTHING at all to fear for myself as long as I stay,

Nothing to do but to help fellow-wanderers on their way,

To move the stones from the children's paths lest the little ones should fall,

To dry the tears that the sad ones shed, the holiest task of all.

Nothing more to ask for my own peculiar share,

So now I have time to rejoice when God's gifts fall anywhere;

And oh! I am learning now, what before I never had known,

How another's joy may be sweeter far than a treasured one of my own.

No love now to claim, but so much the more to give,

And I know the store will grow more and more every day that I live;

I must pour it out on all the weary and sinful and sad,

I ask none back, for the simple gift is enough to make me glad.

Nothing more to hope while my journey here shall last,

But my heart leaps up in thankfulness though my earthly dreams are past;

My spirit reaches forward now, there is nothing lies between

The eye of faith and the glories of the land of the unseen.

Perhaps some days when I'm weary, I shall think of myself again,

And loneliness may fill my heart with a selfish, wearing pain;

But I know I can trust my Father to send an angel down,

To point my gaze from the cross I bear, to the bright and starry crown!

Sunday Magazine.

HOPE BEVAN.

IN SNOW-TIME.

How should I choose to walk the world with thee,

Mine own beloved? When green grass is stirred

By summer breezes, and each leafy tree, Shelters the nest of many a singing bird?

In time of roses, when the earth doth lie Dressed in a garment of midsummer hues,

Beneath a canopy of sapphire sky, Lulled by a soft wind's song? Or should I choose

To walk with thee along a wintry road, Through flowerless fields, thick-sown with frosty rime,

Beside an ice-bound stream, whose waters flowed

In voiceless music all the summer time?

In winter dreariness, or summer glee,
How should I choose to walk the world with thee?

The time of roses is the time of love,
Ah, my dear heart! but winter fires are bright,
And in the lack of sunshine from above
We tend more carefully love's sacred light.
The path among the roses lieth soft
Sun-kissed and radiant under youthful feet;
But on a wintry way true hands more oft
Do meet and cling in pressure close and sweet.
There is more need of love's supporting arm,
Along life's slippery pathway in its frost,
There is more need for love to wrap us warm,
Against life's cold, when summer flowers are lost.

Let others share thy life's glad summer glow,
But let me walk beside thee in its snow!

All The Year Round.

SONNET.

O NOBLE maid! When daylight sinks to sleep,
And weary waiting bids me close my eyes,
I fear lest gloomy visions may arise,
And drag me down to that unhappy deep
Where Love despairs, and Hopes and Long-
ings weep;

But, ere they come, I reach a land of sighs,
Where sights and sounds are clad in quaintest
guise,

And where I hear soft strains of music sweep
Among the shadows to my open ears,
When, out of loving lips I cannot see,
Float tender harmonies to dry my tears
With wondrous melody which comforts me,
Destroying all the ruins of my fears,
And lulling me to happy dreams of thee.

Chambers' Journal.

W. L. C.

CARREG CENNEN CASTLE.

A WISE thee from six centuries of sleep,
O Warden of the Crag! and cast thine eyes
O'er thy grim stronghold open to the skies,—
Its guarded gateway, its impregnable keep,
Free to the steps of strangers; while the sheep
Browse amid the broken walls, or lies
Unscared by clashing arms and battle-cries,
Or stifled shrieks from dungeons dark and deep.

Harmless, thy crag-like, crag-uplifted towers
Frown in the cloud or fret the heavenly blue;
A thousand smiling homesteads meet thy view

Where its unsullied streams swift Cennen
pours:

A thousand charms where Towy's waters rove,
By classic Grongar Hill and sacred Golden
Grove.

September, 1880.

HERBERT NEW.

Spectator.

From The Fortnightly Review.

JOMINI, MOREAU, AND VANDAMME.

ONE day, early in 1806, the emperor Napoleon, being then the temporary occupant of the imperial castle of Schönbrunn, in the outskirts of Vienna, chanced — a most uncommon thing with him — to find himself at leisure. The crowning victory of Austerlitz had been won not many days before, and the defeated forces of the allied Russians and Austrians were still further demoralized by the rapid manœuvres of the French emperor, commenced after the battle with a view to forcing his enemies to make peace upon his terms. Napoleon, like a few other historical soldiers of the highest type — such, for instance, as Hannibal, Scipio Africanus, and Julius Cæsar, among the ancients, or Cromwell, Marlborough, and Frederick the Great, among the moderns — was even greater as diplomatist than as a general. In the tranquillity of his study at Schönbrunn — the favorite room of the dispossessed Austrian emperor — he foresaw that peace must inevitably result from the work achieved by him during the last few weeks, and with the restless activity of mind which, up to 1810, was his most marked characteristic, he turned to Maret, who was not yet Duke of Bassano, exclaiming, "You have nothing to do; come, read me a few pages from that work sent to me at Austerlitz by Ney, and written by one of his staff-officers." Maret took up the book with regret, for, as he afterwards confessed to its author, he could no more understand it than if it had been the cabalistic volume of a magician. Before he had read many pages the emperor stopped him with the ejaculation, "Don't tell me that the age is not advancing. Here, for instance, is a young *chef de bataillon*, and, what is worse, a Swiss, who teaches us what no professors ever made me learn, and what, moreover, very few generals understand." As Maret proceeded with his reading the astonishment of the emperor knew no bounds. Presently it was succeeded by an ebullition of anger. "How on earth," he demanded, "could Fouché allow such a book to be printed? Why, it is calculated to teach my system of war to all my enemies. It

must be seized, and I will at once take steps to prevent its further circulation." Maret pointed out to him that it was impossible to suppress the book, as its publishers were sure to have distributed many dozen copies among their friends as presents, while another hundred or two must have found their way to Germany — a country with a greedy appetite for such works. After a few moments' reflection the emperor said, "Perhaps I attach too much importance to this publication. The old generals who command against me read nothing, and will not profit by its lessons, while young soldiers who read it will never be trusted with a command for years to come."

The work in question was the "*Traité des grandes Opérations Militaires*," written by Antoine Henri Jomini when he was in his twenty-second year. Many capable judges (and among them Sir Archibald Alison and M. le Colonel Charras) have expressed the opinion that Jomini, as a writer, had no superior among those who took part in the Napoleonic wars upon either side. It is true that Jomini had none of the fire which inspired Sir William Napier, and that he lacked the grace of style which distinguished the memoirs of Ségur, and in a less degree of Marshal Marmont. But it is certain that none of his contemporaries, excepting Napoleon himself, possessed in a higher degree that keenness and breadth of sight, and also that grasp of military detail, which go to the formation of a consummate strategist. As is usual with men of his type Jomini was a prig, without tact, with no idea of managing men, and with a self-consciousness and irritability fatal to success in the field or the council of war. He had not the art of winning friends, while his abilities and quickness of perception raised him up a host of enemies among the officers at his side. But, given certain conditions of warfare, no man was quicker in discovering what it was possible for a commander to achieve, or what were the tactics to which his antagonist could, and probably would, have recourse. To those who have a taste for the study of war the career and character of such a man as Jomini can never be without transcendent

interest, and more so than ever in these days when armies, consisting of many hundred thousands of men, and perfectly prepared for immediate action, are moved with the precision of clockwork, and when the fate of campaigns is decided in a few days, so as to make irreparable the errors which arise from unscientific ignorance or from national unreadiness. Few of the sciences, indeed, are so exciting as that which relates to military matters, nor are there any which can in an equal degree command the attention of all sections of the community. The destinies of nations as well as the lives of individuals depend upon it, and at the same time it satisfies the aspirations of the hot-headed adventurer and of the deep thinker. Within its confines theory and imagination find scope for the wildest flights of hypothesis; nor are the abstract calculations of the cold reasoner excluded from its field of survey. The military art unites every variety of knowledge, embracing, by means of fortification and artillery, the sciences of physics and mathematics; by means of administration, the political, economical, and judicial sciences; and, by means of proclamations, of orders of the day, and, above all, of the history of military events, affording opportunities for the fullest display of literary ability.

Among the many Helvetians who elected to serve under a foreign flag to satisfy their military ardor, several rose to high positions in their adopted country; but the most celebrated of them all was Antoine Henri Jomini, who served in thirteen campaigns, and acted as adviser to the greatest monarchs of Europe during the most momentous events of modern times. No career is better qualified to exemplify the vicissitudes experienced by the Swiss mercenaries than that of the young battalion-commander, who at the early age of twenty was already in the first rank of military writers, and who, through love of his vocation, served as a volunteer in the army of Napoleon. In that capacity he was present at the capture of Ulm—which involved the surrender of the whole Austrian army—at Jena, at Eylau, and at the Beresina, and finally at Bautzen, where he rendered

signal services to France, and in return was rewarded by humiliation and insults. Notwithstanding the treatment he had received from the French, nothing would induce him to give up a profession for which he felt himself designed; but when at last he found that he had no longer a chance of obtaining justice under the tricolor of France, he resolved, in 1813, to enter the service of Russia, in which, though called upon to fight at once against his old comrades in arms, he continued to fulfil his new duties with the same zeal and devotion which had always distinguished him when fighting by their side. Indeed, the single-mindedness and patriotism with which Swiss soldiers when serving under a foreign flag never forgot the country which gave them birth, could not be better illustrated than by the services which General Jomini rendered to Switzerland at Leipzig, at Weimar, and at Frankfort. His nationality stood in the way of his becoming either a Frenchman or a Russian, and in either case he would have spared himself an infinity of insults and annoyances. His ability as a strategist often afforded him opportunities of rendering important services either in council or in the field; but the fact that he was an alien was thrown in his face, causing his advice often to be neglected, and excluding him from all chance of preferment, however merited.

Although Jomini was never in actual command of an army, yet it fell to his lot as chief of the staff to be responsible as counsellor and director of many material operations. In this capacity (as so often happens in war) the blame due to the faults of others was often heaped upon his head, while the praise due to his prudence and sagacity was in many cases unduly accorded to others. Finally, his enemies, discovering that his services were too eminent to be ignored, had recourse to the expedient of putting him under arrest for alleged neglect of details, aggravating the disgrace by mentioning his name in general orders as a chief of the staff who had failed in his duty. Stung to the quick by the undeserved outrage inflicted upon him in return for his distinguished conduct at Bautzen, he

resolved to quit the service of a country which did not appreciate his talents, and in which the malice of powerful enemies exposed him to perpetual injustice. This step, although it has been severely criticised, appears to have been justified by the treatment he received in France, and was not censured even by the susceptible and fault-finding Napoleon. By some Jomini was called a deserter; but this he could hardly have been, as, not being a Frenchman by birth or naturalization, he resigned his French commission to accept service under the emperor of Russia, owing to his deep love for the military profession.

Thus far I have traced the career of Jomini in outline, and it now remains to follow it more in detail. This celebrated general and military writer was born at Payerne, a small town in the Canton de Vaud, on the 6th March, 1779. His father held the position of syndic of his native town, a position which corresponds to that of mayor in France and England. His family was of Italian origin, but had been settled in Switzerland for many years. From the very first his tastes were essentially military, even his toys consisting of guns, drums, and other martial objects. It is related of him that he used to drill his schoolfellows, and hold reviews and sham fights. At the age of thirteen his parents began to think about choosing a career for him, but he promptly announced his intention of becoming a soldier. With this object in view, they tried to get him into the military school at Montbéliard, founded by the Prince of Wurtemberg. But the school was about this time transferred to Stuttgart, so that Jomini had to give up all hopes of entering it. Some other attempts were made to start him upon his chosen career, but from one reason or another they were abortive. He then consented reluctantly to go into business, and was sent to a school at Aaran to learn French and to receive a commercial education. At the age of sixteen he was admitted as clerk to a bank in Bâle, where he had to pay a heavy premium, and was set to copy letters without having a chance to learn business. Finding that he was wasting

this time, Jomini accepted an offer made to him by M. Mosselmann, a banker in Paris. His salary was to start at three thousand francs a year, and in point of fact was doubled in a twelvemonth. But the young Swiss wished to set up in business on his own account, and went accordingly into partnership with a countryman of his own as an exchange agent. Just at this time the armies of the French republic, under the leadership of Napoleon, were gaining the glorious victories of Montenotte, Lodi, and Castiglione, in Italy, and Paris was in ecstasies over the exploits of the brilliant young captain who was destined subsequently to be the dictator of Europe. Jomini shared in the general excitement, and all his early military aspirations revived within him. In 1798 the new Helvetic republic was organized, and a Swiss officer, named Keller, was appointed minister of war to the young State. On his way to assume the duties of his new post, Keller happened to pass through Paris, when Jomini managed to obtain an interview with him, and persuaded him to accept him as an aide-de-camp. On their arrival in Switzerland, however, they found that Keller had been replaced in his post by M. Réponel, and consequently Jomini was again disappointed in his hopes of a military career.

Nothing daunted, he presented himself to the new minister, and after relating the circumstances connected with his arrival in Switzerland, made an offer of his services. After some delay they were accepted, and Jomini was appointed chief secretary to the war department, with the rank of captain. Here he worked hard at the military organization of the republic, and drew up a plan for a consolidated Swiss army, to take the place of the numerous regiments maintained by the various cantons, each of which had its separate uniform and method of drill. In short, Jomini became to the new Helvetic republic what Carnot was to its French sister. At this time he was only twenty years old. He retained his post in the Swiss war ministry till after the Peace of Lunéville in 1801, when, by reason of civil commotions,

he was obliged to resign. He went back to Paris, and resumed his commercial career by taking a share in a large manufactory of warlike accoutrements. But his military tastes would not permit him to adhere to a commercial life, and accordingly, in 1803, he left it to devote himself for good and all to the study of the art of war. He made an attempt to obtain the post of aide-de-camp to General Von-der-Weidt, who had entered the French service, but was unsuccessful. He tried next to enter the Russian service, and with that object in view took the first volume of his "*Traité des grandes Opérations Militaires*" to the Russian chargé d'affaires, M. Oubril, who received him very ungraciously. Although twice rebuffed, Jomini was not discouraged, and when Ney arrived from Switzerland to be present at Napoleon's coronation, he took his manuscript to him. Ney was much impressed by the work, and advanced him some money towards getting it printed. Ney afterwards offered to take Jomini with him to the camp at Boulogne as a volunteer, promising to have him made an A.D.C. later on. Accordingly he took his departure for the camp, where he passed the year 1805.

Events, however, were soon to happen calculated to give Jomini—then aged twenty-six—an opportunity of showing the stuff of which, mentally and physically, he was made. In the September of 1805 Ney's corps was suddenly ordered to Ulm, and naturally his volunteer aide-de-camp accompanied him. At the end of September one hundred and eighty thousand French troops, commanded by Napoleon himself, were concentrated on the right and front of the Austrians, who, under Mack, were posted on the Danube, with their left at Ulm, and their right near Donauwerth. Napoleon disposed his forces so as to capture the whole of the Austrian army. The corps of Bernadotte and that of Marmont were to cross the Danube at Ingolstadt and Neuburg, and to throw themselves across the direct line of retreat on Vienna. At the same time the main body of the army under Napoleon was to pass the Danube at Donauwerth, to crush the Austrian right, and, by seizing the line of the Lech, to complete the environment of the enemy.

Marshal Ney's corps, the sixth, had a very difficult part to perform. It fell to their duty to watch the road from Ulm to Ratisbon on the left bank of the Danube, in order to prevent the Austrians from seizing it, in which case they would be

able to retreat at their ease through Bohemia, and to join the Russians, who were in the neighborhood of Vienna. Ney was reinforced by the divisions of Baraguay d'Hilliers and of Gazan, which brought the total of his corps to about thirty thousand men. Murat was in command of the right wing, and owing to a mistake on his part, Napoleon's dispositions were on the point of being rendered futile. Evidently not understanding the reason why Ney's corps was kept on the Danube, Murat gave orders for it to move on to Iller, so as to prevent the Austrians from retreating by way of Tyrol. This manoeuvre would of course leave a line of retreat open through Bohemia. Ney, however, by Jomini's advice, wrote a letter remonstrating with Murat about his order, and pointing out the danger of leaving the left bank of the Danube unwatched. Of this letter Murat took no notice, so Ney had no choice but to obey orders. Luckily, however, a whole day had been gained, and Ney had scarcely commenced his march to the Iller, when he heard the sound of cannon behind him, which proceeded from thirty thousand Austrians who had attacked Dupont's division on the left bank of the Danube, and were trying to force their way through an intercepting body of only seven thousand men. Such, however, was the obstinacy with which Dupont maintained his resistance, that Ney, again by Jomini's advice, had time "to march to the cannon," and, by reinforcing Dupont, to stop a second attack of the Austrians. If Prince Murat's orders had been at once obeyed, the Austrians finding the left bank of the Danube unguarded, would have quietly made for Bohemia, destroying the bridges behind them, and thus the whole plan of the campaign would have been frustrated. The mistake having been repaired, Mack, after the battles of Elchingen, Albeck, and Michelsburg, was shut up and captured at Ulm with thirty thousand men. In these combats Jomini gave proofs that he possessed great personal courage as well as great strategical acumen. But it is more material to repeat the following remarks of Sir A. Alison, in his "History of Europe": "A spectacle took place on the following day unparalleled in modern warfare, and sufficient to have turned the strongest head. On that memorable morning (October 20, 1805) the garrison of Ulm, thirty thousand strong, with sixty pieces of cannon, marched out of the gates of the fortress to lay down their arms." It was reserved,

however, for France subsequently to throw Ulm into the shade by affording opportunity for the occurrence of the three prodigious calamities which overtook her arms at Metz, Sedan, and Paris in 1870 and 1871. Nevertheless, the capture of Ulm is always mentioned by the panegyrists of Napoleon as the most convincing proof of his consummate ability; and it has just been shown that the campaign which ended in the triumph at Ulm would undoubtedly have miscarried but for the clear prescience of Jomini, who kept Ney and Murat on the track of their duty as the emperor, their master, had laid it down for execution.

At the beginning of October, 1806, Ney's corps was ordered to proceed towards Nuremberg, and Jomini, to his great astonishment, received instructions to repair to Mayence, and there to await the arrival of Napoleon. On reaching Mayence he learned that the emperor had also just arrived, when he hastened to present himself at the archbishop's palace, where Napoleon had established his headquarters. He was at once admitted to the emperor's presence, who, after complimenting him on his treatise, informed him that he was to remain in his suite. Jomini represented to him that his horses and equipages were with Ney's corps, and requested four days' leave to fetch them, adding that he would rejoin him at Bamberg. "At Bamberg," rejoined the emperor; "and how do you know that I am going there?" Jomini answered, "Inasmuch as your Majesty intends, I presume, to execute the same manoeuvre against the Prussian left that was executed by you against the Austrian right at Ulm, you must of necessity go through Bamberg." The emperor replied testily that such was his intention, but charged Jomini to disclose this secret to no one. From this moment Napoleon understood Jomini's genius, and determined to make the best use of it. But the emperor's ingrained and deep-seated jealousy, which made it impossible for him long to endure contact with a mind capable in some measure of fathoming his own, could hardly fail to expose Jomini, sooner or later, to his displeasure; and thus it happened that, not long after the battle of Jena—at which, by-the-by, the young Swiss general had greatly added to his laurels—the emperor was posing at Berlin in a part which he loved to assume, and for which his Italian *finesse* and adroitness in intrigue especially fitted him. Prussia was at that mo-

ment divided into two parties, of which the first and most powerful was for peace at any price; and the other, inspired chiefly by the indomitable Blücher, was for continuing the war. The astute emperor played with both parties alternately, but was secretly resolved to try his victorious hand upon the Russians, and, having entered Poland, to elevate it again into an independent kingdom. Among many others, Jomini clearly foresaw the dangers and difficulties of the contemplated measure, and, less politic and time-serving than the rest of his associates, had the courage to address a pamphlet to his overbearing chief, setting forth in masterly detail the disadvantages of entering Poland. This pamphlet—perhaps the best that ever came from Jomini's facile pen—was the ruin of his fortunes as a French soldier. Indignant that a subordinate should criticise his conceptions, the emperor took an early opportunity of rebuking Jomini publicly, and when it subsequently became apparent that the campaign of Eylau was one of Napoleon's greatest mistakes, his antipathy to Jomini became uncontrollable. Nightfall, however, had hardly closed upon the ghastly struggle at Eylau, fought amidst blinding snow, before the emperor, mastering his jealousy, gave abundant evidence that in Jomini he recognized those military instincts which no other general upon the field possessed in so eminent a degree, except Napoleon himself. As the *petit caporal* entered the bureau of the postmaster at Eylau, in which he was about to pass the night, he beckoned to Jomini, and between them a long *tête-à-tête* conference took place. Acknowledging that Jomini was right in the counsel he had given at Berlin, the emperor reviewed the situation without reserve or equivocation, and we have Jomini's confession, made many years later to Bertrand, that never before or after had he been so struck by the iron courage and inexhaustible resource of his imperial companion. To fatigue, to hunger, to cold, to the natural craving for repose which overtakes all men after a long day's battle, Napoleon was utterly insensible, and upon leaving him, after a night passed in discussion, Jomini could not refrain from the admiring ejaculation, "*Voilà un homme!*" Morning came, and brought with it the sound of Ney's cannon as he burst upon the Russian right. "It was time," exclaimed the emperor, transported with joy; and the Russians, alarmed at the arrival of French reinforcements, sul-

lenly commenced their retreat. The battle of Friedland soon followed, and by re-establishing the ascendancy of the French emperor, enabled him to conclude the Treaty of Tilsit. In his interesting memoirs Marmont tells us that at Tilsit Napoleon was at his apogee, and that thenceforward he began to indulge his appetite, to grow fat and heavy, to trust more to luck, or, as he phrased it, "to his star," and to disregard the patient calculations by which he had made himself the dictator of Europe. The peace of Tilsit soon banished Jomini from his mind, and if he thought of him at all it was merely to remember that a foreigner had successfully criticised his plans before they were executed, and had been admitted to the knowledge, when the battle of Eylau was hanging in the balance, that it ought never to have been fought.

The Treaty of Tilsit, framed with admirable sagacity and much to his own advantage by the emperor of the French, set him free to return to Paris, where, amidst unparalleled manifestations of public joy, he arrived upon July 27, 1807. Europe was at his feet, seeing that he had crushed Prussia, overawed Austria, and so weakened Russia that she was constrained to enter into a firm alliance with France. Napoleon seized the opportunity to establish a rigorous censorship of the press, to banish Madame de Staël and Madame de Récamier, and to strengthen the foundations of his dynasty by creating an aristocracy of his own. The titles of prince, duke, count, baron, and chevalier were revived and scattered broadcast with profusion, but the only reward of which Jomini was deemed worthy was the cross of a knight of the Legion of Honor. Conscious of his own deserts, Jomini felt acutely the ignoble jealousy of which he was the object on Napoleon's part, and the undying hostility manifested towards him by Berthier, then Duke of Neufchâtel, and afterwards Prince of Wagram. All the titles in the world would not have availed to make Berthier equal to Jomini in literary ability or in the comprehension of the military system of their common master, no less than in an intuitive perception of its errors and shortcomings. Justice at the hands of Napoleon was never likely to be forthcoming towards a foreign subordinate with independent powers of mind, and therefore Jomini became more than ever determined to find an employer to appreciate him. Many years, however, were still destined to pass before he was able

to throw aside his French uniform. I have endeavored to show that Jomini, although an irritable prig, was a book soldier of the best kind; and with him it may not be disadvantageous to contrast Jean Victor Moreau, who cared nothing for books, but was renowned for his tact and conciliatory manner in the field.

At the commencement of the nineteenth century, the three greatest military figures of France were, undoubtedly, Napoleon, Masséna, and Moreau, of whom the last was born in 1763, five years later than Masséna, who first saw the light in 1758, and six years before the birth of Napoleon, which, like that of his most conspicuous antagonist, Wellington, took place in 1769. Most of the French generals of the Napoleonic era were of humble origin, but Jean Victor Moreau was the son of an advocate at Morlaix, in Brittany, and, thanks to the solicitude of an excellent father, received a first-rate legal education. The father himself perished upon the guillotine in 1794 — a victim to the insensate suspicions of the Revolutionary Committee at Brest, which condemned the worthy old man to death because he had undertaken to manage the properties of some aristocratic *émigrés* who had fled the country to save their lives. The wanton murder of his father changed Moreau's whole nature, and led him to remark that thenceforward his only home would be in camp. Originally both father and son were mild republicans in politics, but after 1794 the son lent his ear more readily to the cajolery of Napoleon, who, being well aware of his great military talents — which, nevertheless, according to his invariable custom, the emperor never ceased publicly to decry — was determined to win him over as an adherent. It was not, however, until 1799, when Napoleon returned from Egypt, that Moreau consented to serve under the victor of Lodi and Arcola, and scarcely was this consent given before Moreau repented of his weakness, exclaiming that he was about to assist in imposing a tyrant upon his native country. Prior to 1799 he had seen many years of active service with ever-increasing distinction. In April, 1792, Austria declared war against France, and Moreau raised a company of volunteer gunners, and became their captain. His rare gifts of organization and of gaining the hearts of his soldiers were conspicuous from the first, and when at the close of the year he joined the army of Dumouriez, his ability was immediately recognized. In 1793 he was appointed

general of a brigade, in 1794 of a division under Pichegru, for whom Moreau entertained the warmest affection, and whom, as commander of the right wing of the republican army, he assisted materially in the victories over the Austrians which carried Pichegru and Jourdan in triumph to Brussels in the July of 1794.

But it was reserved for 1796 to display Moreau in his true colors, and the campaign which he conducted in that year against Austria has won for him the highest commendations from military writers, including his able opponent the archduke Charles, than whom—Napoleon and Jomini alone excepted—there was in that stormy era no keener critic of warlike operations. The campaign commenced with a slight numerical superiority on the side of Austria.

In 1796 the great advantage of the Austrians in cavalry was a far more potential element of success than is now the case, when battles are never won, as at Marengo, by mounted soldiers. But each of the French commanders evinced ability of the highest kind, and Moreau's retreat through the valley of Neustadt, in the Black Forest, commonly called in local parlance the "Valley of Hell," was so ably conducted that—a sure proof of its merit—it was elaborately criticised and found fault with by Napoleon himself. The retreat was a series of conflicts, and when the archduke Charles, having defeated Jourdan, turned with a far superior force upon Moreau, the destruction of the French army of the Rhine and Moselle seemed inevitable. Jomini, indeed, pronounces that had the archduke been quicker in his movements when he got Moreau into the dangerous defile, of which the outlet was in the hands of the Austrians, there must have been a repetition of the Caudine Forks. So dexterous, however, were the arrangements of the retreating general that, after fighting two considerable battles, he got safely back to the Rhine from the heart of Bavaria, having spent six months in his enemy's country.

The Treaty of Campo Formio put a short stop to hostilities, which were resumed in 1799. It was at this moment that Napoleon put forth his matchless powers of persuasion to induce Moreau to serve under him, and each of the two consummate generals—*duo fulmina belli*—betook himself to Italy. Then followed, in 1800, two of the most critical victories ever won by French arms—Marengo and Hohenlinden. Each battle has

been again and again reviewed by military writers, and by none more exhaustively than by Lanfrey in his recently published "History of Napoleon." The verdict of posterity is that Marengo was lost by Napoleon and retrieved by Dessaix and Kellermann; that Hohenlinden was won exclusively by the genius of Moreau, admirably seconded by Richepanse. The French soldiers who had fought in either battle met in 1801 at Paris in friendly rivalry, but the victors of Hohenlinden were more generally popular than the victors of Marengo. From that moment Napoleon conceived an invincible antipathy to Moreau, although with characteristic dissimulation he presented his rival with a pair of richly chased pistols, regretting that he could not have Moreau's victories inscribed upon them, because they were too numerous.

The intrigues by which, availing himself from 1802 to 1804 of Moreau's lack of civil prudence, Napoleon set himself to get rid of his rival, have nowhere been so clearly unmasked as in the interesting "Memoirs of Madame de Rémusat," which have just been published. Suffice it to say that Moreau was brought to trial for having been cognisant of the conspiracy in which Pichegru was the chief actor, and in 1804 the victor of Hohenlinden was forced to leave his native country. He sailed in 1805 from Cadiz for the United States, where he lived in tranquility and much respected until 1813, when the emperor Alexander of Russia, aware that he had no great captain of his own to pit against Napoleon, invited the exiled French general to return and take command of a Russian army. Moreau, then in his fifty-first year, accepted the invitation, and sailing from the United States landed at Stralsund, where he was received by another illustrious French commander, Bernadotte, whom the vicissitudes of an eventful career had arrayed in hostility to Napoleon. Together they proceeded to Prague, where they were received with enthusiasm by the Austrians and Russians, and in concert with Jomini, who had just left the French service, they put their heads together to devise a campaign for the emperor Alexander. The Austrians, however, showed an unworthy reluctance to accept as generalissimo an emperor who was guided in his military councils by Frenchmen, and at last the supreme command was intrusted to Prince Schwartzenberg, who held it until the capture of Paris in the next year. Upon August 27th, 1813,

there was fought at Dresden one of those tremendous battles which sufficiently proved Napoleon's unequalled mastery of the details by which great victories are won. The French army, one hundred and thirty thousand strong, had to encounter an allied force of one hundred and sixty thousand men; but the allied left, composed of raw Austrian troops, was separated by a precipitous defile from the main body. Instantly profiting by the mistake, Napoleon sent Murat to attack the Austrian left, which he turned and burst with his irresistible cavalry, twelve thousand strong, upon the rear. The rout was complete, and Napoleon then addressed himself to the Russian right, which he drove back upon its reserve. At this moment Moreau, conspicuous in front of a Russian division, was struck on the right knee by a cannon-shot, which, passing through his horse, shattered his left leg also. Both legs were amputated, but mortification set in, and five days later he died. His embalmed body was carried to St. Petersburg, and buried with great pomp in the Catholic church. His widow received a lump sum of £20,000, and a Russian pension of £1,200 a year; nor was there any dissent among his contemporaries from the opinion confirmed by the subsequent judgment of posterity—that France, however rich in great generals, had produced few abler fighting soldiers than Jean Victor Moreau. Marmont indeed proclaims with truth that "Moreau knew nothing of strategy. His skill displayed itself in tactics. Personally brave to a fault, he handled well, in presence of the enemy, troops occupying ground within the limits of his vision; but he delivered his principal battles with only a portion of his force." Such was also the verdict of Jomini; but the campaign of 1796, the passage of the Rhine in face of the enemy in 1797, and the battles of Biberach and of Hohenlinden, are sufficient to place Moreau on a very high pedestal. With all his falsifications of history at St. Helena, Napoleon could not deny that Moreau—whom he hated for many reasons, but especially because Moreau was bitterly opposed to the creation of the Legion of Honor, which he turned into ridicule—had no superior among his generals except Masséna, Dessaix, and Kleber, of whom the last two fell early in the wars of that convulsive period. Subsequent writers of all countries have ranked Moreau as inferior in the field to Napoleon alone. When Masséna met

Wellington, and had to recoil from before the impregnable lines of Torres Vedras, the weight of years, acting upon a constitution naturally feeble and impaired by war, had begun to tell upon the French general, and, without detracting for a moment from Wellington's transcendent merits, Englishmen may, perhaps, be permitted to rejoice that their great commander had not, with far inferior strength, to face Moreau as generalissimo in Spain, with Jomini as his chief of staff, instead of Masséna, Marmont, Soult, and King Joseph, acting separately. Indeed, Moreau and Jomini, serving thus together, would have been as formidable a pair as Blücher and Gneisenau.

While Moreau was an exile in the United States, Jomini continued to serve France with unflagging zeal, though uncheered by such loyal recognition of his merits as was ostentatiously accorded by Napoleon to far inferior soldiers. The Swiss general followed Ney as chief of his staff to Spain in 1808, and took part in the pursuit of the English army to the seacoast in 1809, which ended in the battle of Corunna and in the death of Sir John Moore. The next eight months were devoted by Ney to a task for which he was wholly unfitted—the occupation, to wit, of the Asturias and of Galicia, with the entire native population bitterly hostile to the French invaders. Jomini did his best to allay the jealousies subsisting between Soult and Ney; but the latter had become prejudiced, thanks to Berthier, against his chief of staff, who, nevertheless, was despatched by Ney to Napoleon at Vienna, with a view to explaining why it was that Ney refused to serve under Soult. He performed this difficult office with singular fidelity to Ney, who requited him in his absence by appointing another to the vacant post of chief of the staff. It became obvious that nothing could preserve Jomini from repeated slights and insults, which culminated when he was ordered to report to Berthier, his persistent enemy, and to serve upon his staff—the last resort of all the most incapable and sickly officers in the French army.

At the moment General Czernischeff, A.D.C. to the emperor of Russia, arrived in Paris, and renewed the offers made to Jomini in 1807 to enter the Russian service. Justly indignant at the scurvy treatment he had received, Jomini lent a willing ear to the tempter, and sent in his resignation to Berthier, which, as usual, was not accepted. The Russians were

then at peace with France, and General Czernischeff hesitated to give Jomini a Russian commission before he was clear of his allegiance to the French emperor. During the whole of this time Jomini was busily occupied with his writings, and having finished his treatise upon Frederic the Great's wars, addressed himself to those between France and Austria in 1794-95. Napoleon was well aware that Jomini's pen would have much to do with influencing the verdict of posterity, and persuaded him to write a history of the Italian campaigns in 1796 and 1800, promising that he would supply the necessary documents, which, however, were withheld by Berthier, who had himself undertaken the same job, and did not wish to be supplanted by Jomini. In 1812 the outbreak of the war between France and Russia found Jomini in a very delicate position. He was not yet free from his French uniform, and in his bureau at Paris a Russian commission was awaiting him. Unwilling to serve actively in the field against the emperor Alexander, he applied for and received the post of governor of Wilna, and was subsequently appointed to the governorship of Smolensko. Scarcely had he assumed the latter post when tidings reached him of the retreat from Moscow, and, with a fidelity and disinterestedness rare under similar circumstances, he posted with the utmost speed to the Beresina, in order to ascertain that the bridges were in order. At this critical moment he learned that a fresh Russian army, under Tchichagoff, of which the very existence was unknown to Napoleon, had arrived from Turkey, and was approaching the scene of action. Tchichagoff, marching with the utmost celerity, fell upon Minsk, which he captured, together with its immense French magazines, and then proceeded to attack the fortified bridge over the Beresina at Borisow, which he took and burned, thus cutting off the only remaining line of retreat for the grand army.

Justice has never been done by French historians to Jomini for the singular vigor which he then displayed. It was due to him, more than to any other, that while Victor and Oudinot held back Tchichagoff and Tormsoff, a new bridge was built over the Beresina at Studzianka, out of materials furnished by the wooden houses of the Russian village. Over this the remnant of the French army passed, with the exception of a vast mass of enfeebled stragglers and demoralized camp-followers, who were left to perish,

when Victor—the last to cross—fired the bridge. Jomini's strenuous efforts, combined with the unparalleled severity of the Russian winter, brought on an attack of inflammation of the lungs, and at length he reached Paris, more dead than alive. He was confined to his bed for three months, and upon recovering was again appointed chief of the staff to Ney, and hastened to the front to take part in his last campaign as a soldier of France. So conspicuous were his services on the field of Bautzen in 1813, that Ney, with tardy justice, recommended him at last for the rank of general of division. But the hostility of Berthier was even yet unexhausted, and when Jomini, as chief of staff, was late in sending in his fortnightly returns, Berthier put him under arrest, and named him in general orders as having failed in his duty. The cup of his mortification was now full to overflowing, and when, for the fourth time, he sent in his resignation to Napoleon, it was at last accepted. Between them Napoleon and Berthier had driven an inexpressibly valuable officer, and perhaps the best military writer of this century, out of the service of that people which Napoleon, in his dying words, professed "to love so well;" and it is greatly to the credit of Jomini that, while freely criticising the Napoleonic wars and their conduct on both sides, he never permitted himself subsequently to write a spiteful word against the greatest soldier that he had ever known.

In order to understand Napoleon aright, it is necessary to follow the career of one of those coarse and reckless men—very different in nature from either Moreau or Jomini—whom the modern Alexander was specially sent into the world to fascinate and charm, and whom he himself designated as his corps of "*âmes damnées*." Among them it would be impossible to find a more strictly representative specimen than Dominique René Vandamme. Born in 1770, at Cassel, a little town in the north of France, situated between Lille and Dunkirk, Vandamme was the son of a surgeon, and was noted from his boyhood for a headstrong temper and an indomitable will. His natural bias was towards a soldier's life, and at sixteen he entered the military college of the Maréchal de Biron, one of many similar establishments which were at that time scattered over France, but which Napoleon, with his love of centralization, absorbed into larger seminaries, such as those at Saumur and St. Cyr. Van-

damme paid so little attention to his studies, and was so intolerant of restraint and of discipline, that his family, dreading his rebellious and insubordinate character, got him to enrol himself in a French colonial regiment, then serving at Martinique, and in 1788, when a boy of eighteen, he sailed from L'Orient for the West Indies. The experiment answered so well that he soon rose to the rank, first of corporal and then of sergeant; but, falling a prey to the passion for ardent republicanism, which was then beginning to diffuse itself through France, Vandamme obtained leave, in 1790, to return to the land of his birth, and was immediately chosen by his fellow-citizens at Cassel to command the company of grenadiers which constituted the contribution of his native town to the sedentary guard of the commune. Perceiving little chance in this capacity of being able to see active service, Vandamme entered the 24th regiment of the line as a common soldier in the summer of 1791, which regiment he left in the August of 1792 in order to raise at Cassel a fine company of *chasseurs francs*, of which he became captain. At the end of 1792 he was ordered with his company to Antwerp, as part of the garrison to which was confided the occupation of a town coveted at many stages of her aggressive history by France.

To follow Vandamme through the battles, skirmishes, campaigns, and sieges in which he took a prominent part is the task undertaken by his biographer, M. A. du Casse, whose larger work, called the "Memoirs of King Joseph," Napoleon's eldest brother, has gained credit with some as being a veracious chronicle, which is very far from being the case. But, audacious though the assertion be, no biographer ever yet attempted to whitewash his hero with less success than M. du Casse, in the two volumes which he has devoted to the apotheosis of "the greatest blackguard in the French army," as Napoleon used to call Vandamme. That the said hero was personally intrepid and daring to the highest degree has never been denied; but M. du Casse would fain persuade us that the son of the Cassel bone-setter was not remorselessly cruel, and also that, despite the reputation which he left behind him wherever he served, Vandamme was not so inveterate a pillager as Masséna, Victor, or Soult. But Vandamme, against whom as an unblushing marauder complaints were continually made throughout his career, was quick and ready with his

pen, and never failed to send a plausible reply to his superior officer, exonerating himself from the acts laid to his charge. The French generals of the Napoleonic era were, almost without exception — Moreau and Marmont being honorably distinguished in this respect — "tarred with the same brush," and thus the exculpatory pleadings of Vandamme passed muster easily with his superiors. But, in addition, he was cunning enough to keep copies of his military correspondence, which M. du Casse has "had the advantage of reading," and which the biographer returned to the great nephew of his hero with the singular commentary that "*noblesse oblige*." The *noblesse* of Napoleon's soldiers of all ranks may be inferred from a perusal of many thousands of volumes in which dispassionate observers of his wars have given their version of what passed under their eyes; but the *noblesse* of Vandamme was probably on a par with that of the thirty thousand *forçats* who constituted a third of Napoleon's army at the dreadful battle of Eylau. It is worthy of remark that most of M. du Casse's attempts to vindicate Vandamme from the imputations of pillaging and plundering wherever he had a chance are made in a few brief foot-notes scattered here and there about a couple of volumes which together extend over more than a thousand pages.

The military life of Vandamme possesses little interest for the general reader until the September of 1797, when, as he himself put it, "he came into contact with his destiny." It was at the Congress of Rastadt, when the preliminaries of the Treaty of Campo Formio were under discussion, that Vandamme, aged twenty-seven, first encountered Napoleon, who was one year older, but who had already said, "On vieillit vite sur les champs de bataille." The ardent impressionable Frenchman fell in love at first sight with the fallow-faced, thoughtful, calculating Italian, who masked his selfishness under a fascinating and winning exterior, and who at this period of his career, when success had not intoxicated and brutalized him, was irresistible either to man or woman. "*Mon cher*," said Vandamme a few years later to one of his comrades, "*ce diable d'homme, l'empereur, exerce sur moi une fascination dont je ne puis me rendre compte; c'est au point que moi, qui ne crains ni Dieu ni diable, quand je l'approche, je suis prêt à trembler comme un enfant; il me ferait passer par le trou d'une aiguille pour aller me jeter au feu.*"

On the other hand, Napoleon remarked shortly after the battle of Austerlitz, "Vandamme is very precious to me, for if ever I have occasion to make war against the infernal regions, he is the only general I have who would be capable of tackling the devil."

The five most striking episodes in Vandamme's military career were (1) his passage in face of the Austrians of the Rhine at Kehl, at the head of the *avant-garde* of the army of the Rhine and Moselle, commanded by Moreau, in 1797; (2) the brilliant part played by his division at Austerlitz; (3) his successful conduct of the sieges undertaken in the winter of 1806-7 by Napoleon against the Prussian fortresses of Glogau, Breslau, and Schweidnitz, all of which Vandamme terrified into capitulation by his effrontery rather than by the military resources at his disposal; (4) his disastrous defeat at Kulm; and (5) his characteristic proposal to march straight to Brussels, and to occupy it with the thirty-three thousand men under the command of Marshal Grouchy, when, upon June 19, 1815, the tidings of the utter defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo upon the preceding day were brought to the isolated body of Frenchmen who constituted the last army of *la grande nation* which served the mighty emperor in the field.

Of these five episodes the most interesting to the student of Jomini's life is the fourth, which treats of Vandamme's defeat at Kulm, a defeat which led Napoleon to attribute incapacity, and even treachery, to his subordinate, when nothing is more certain than that by strictly obeying Napoleon's orders, and by not keeping touch of Marshal St. Cyr, Vandamme got into a scrape to which such temerity as his could alone have exposed him. The story is well and impartially told by M. du Casse, and, unlike most of his military details, all of which err on the side of diffuseness, commends itself clearly to the reader's understanding. M. du Casse shows us that, at the commencement of 1813, there were four hundred and thirty thousand men, consisting of Austrians, Russians, Prussians, Swedes, together with a sprinkling of English and Dutch troops, arrayed against Napoleon in the north of Europe, and that the French emperor confronted his heterogeneous enemies with an *ensemble* of about three hundred and forty thousand men. The battle of Dresden, in which, as I have elsewhere said, Napoleon put forth his choicest powers, was fought

upon the 26th of August, and it was the emperor's aim to throw Vandamme, supported by St. Cyr, and with the Duc de Previsé (Mortier) in attendance, across the retreating lines of the Russians and Prussians at Toplitz. With characteristic *élan*, Vandamme, who was striving to win the *bâton* of a marshal, which but for his evil reputation as an incorrigible plunderer would long ago have been his, pressed forward with the first division, thirty thousand strong, upon the Russians, who, trembling lest their retreat should be cut off, turned round to face a pursuer insignificant in numbers, but overflowing with enthusiasm. Just as the Russians, upon August 29, were driving back the French, a Prussian force struck Vandamme upon the flank and rear; and, surrounded upon all sides, he was himself made prisoner, and lost about nine thousand men in killed, wounded, and captives. It was upon being brought face to face with the emperor Alexander that Vandamme, bitterly reproached by him as a robber and murderer, calmly replied, "All this may be true, sire, but at least I have not to accuse myself of soiling my hands with the blood of a father." Upon the details of Vandamme's captivity in Russia, M. du Casse is provokingly reticent, but the prisoner himself always maintained that he had received nothing but the kindest treatment. He got back to France in time to take part in the closing act of the Hundred Days, and, at least, it ought to be mentioned to his honor that when, driven out of Europe by the Bourbons in 1816, he betook himself to the United States, it was his good fortune, having more money than the rest of his fellow-exiles, to have the will and power of contributing to their necessities. He purchased, almost for its weight in gold, some furniture roughly constructed by French officers in exile, and upon his return to France he brought back this furniture as a souvenir to Cassel. There it may still be seen by those who are curious as to the history of a gallant but unscrupulous soldier; and a still more interesting treasure, upon the same spot, recalls the devotion of Vandamme to that "*diable d'homme*" by whom he was so subdued and bewitched. Upon the night before Austerlitz Napoleon had come for a few moments to Vandamme's bivouac, and the weather being very cold—it was on December 1—the emperor rested his feet awhile upon a half-burnt log of wood in order to warm them. Vandamme ordered his servant to preserve the log as a

relic, and when, upon the morrow, a great victory was won by the French, the precious trophy was carried back to Cassel, where it is still preserved. Nor is it unworthy of mention that although Vandamme was fighting for twenty years, and passed through a *feu d'enfer* of shot, shell, and bullets, he was never seriously wounded, while hundreds of comrades fell dead or disabled by his side. His health was always weak, exposing him constantly to nervous dyspepsia, but in a campaign he never spared himself, and had generally to withdraw for a few weeks to Cassel in the winter to recover from fatigue. He died there in 1830, the peaceful occupant of a house and property which he owed to the generosity of Napoleon.

Jomini, Moreau, and Vandamme, as representatives of the book soldier, the fighting tactician, and the intrepid military "rowdy," are still to be found in every great war; and will continue to exist so long as human nature is constituted as it has always been. C. F. CROMIE.

From All The Year Round.
VISITED ON THE CHILDREN.

CHAPTER V.
LION ASHLEIGH.

It was not for some time, however, that Lionel called again at Hillbrow. The very decided way in which its mistress had given him his *congé* that morning, and the poor excuse about the girls' music, had stung his vanity, of which he had not much, and wounded his feelings into the bargain. The awkward, gruff-voiced, bullet-headed lad had grown into a big, broad-shouldered fellow, not much over middle height, perhaps, but strong as a lion, with a brown head, a square jaw, a sunburned face, a wide, resolute, good-tempered mouth, and a pair of eyes of no particular color, but true and straightforward enough to look down the lie in another which he was incapable of uttering for himself. Most people liked Lionel Ashleigh; and, indeed, he deserved it, being an honest, manly young fellow, rather hot-headed and obstinate, perhaps, with liberal politics which annoyed his family's conservatism, and a tendency to "broadness" of doctrine which would have annoyed his rector still more if the old gentleman had been aware of it, instead of choosing to absent himself and spend a

dilettante invalid life between Nice and Venice. But behind these more external qualities the curate had a warm heart and somewhat quicker and more sensitive feelings than people were apt to guess; and in thinking over his dismissal, it occurred to him that on his last two or three visits Mrs. Dysart had not shown herself quite as cordial to him as she had formerly been. He might not have noticed it if her usual manner to him had not been so much more gentle and affectionate than it was to any other save her own children; but this being so, it made the change more apparent; and he could not help connecting it with that impertinent report which had brought Sybil's name into conjunction with his.

Could Mrs. Dysart have heard it too?

He had denied it promptly and decisively, feeling that its existence, while there was no truth in it, was both an insult and an injury to the young lady affected by it; and then had stayed away from the house for some little time, partly from shamefacedness lest the talk should have reached the ears of the inmates there, and partly to prove to the people who set it about that there was no ground for their over-hasty gossip. But perhaps the Dysarts were not aware of that, and held him accountable for its ever having arisen; or, believing in his innocence there, wished, nevertheless, to show him that, if he had any pretensions to the post awarded to him, they would not be sanctioned at headquarters.

If that were so, Lionel said to himself that he was being very badly treated. Why, he had never made any concealment of his feelings towards Sybil. He had only held himself from speaking his love for fear lest he should injure his own cause by precipitance, and perhaps cause a coolness which might spoil the present harmony and pleasantness of their relations to one another. He was not exactly afraid of her refusing him outright. Something in her eyes, in the color of her cheek and the touch of her hand, kept him from that. But it's an old tale that true love is humble; and Lion Ashleigh would have risked many things, rather than utter a word which might chill the sweet cordiality of Sybil Dysart's smile.

He was only a curate after all, but a curate with a prospect of a living, the incumbent of which was a gouty old man of seventy, and of Dilworth in the future. Even at present he had two hundred a year and the use of the vicarage from the rector of Chadleigh; his father allowed

him two hundred more, and would most likely increase the allowance when he married; and he was nephew to one of the oldest and wealthiest baronets in the county. It must be owned that there are not a great many curates for whom one could say so much on the score of eligibility.

But then, as Lionel said to himself with a groan, there were not many girls like Sybil; and the very care with which she had been kept guarded from the rude eye and touch of the world, showed that her mother considered her as too precious a pearl to be lightly bestowed on the first asker. Lionel was quite ready to endorse that opinion, and hitherto had quite approved of the guarding; but then he had never thought of it as applying to himself; and now, when Mrs. Dysart's sudden coldness made that idea seem possible, he felt sorely injured and indignant, and told himself with some heat that he had not been treated fairly. Why had she always encouraged him before, and made him welcome, almost as his own mother might have done, if she was going to change now? She must have seen that he cared for Sybil. What else would he go there so often for?

And what was she going over to his mother's for that day? he wondered. Were the two putting their heads together to separate him and Sybil? If it was so, and his own mother was going to take part against him, he should think it was a "most foul and unnatural" proceeding; and she should know that he did. All of which was of course perfectly wrong and unjust; the falsely suspected ladies in question having none but the most benevolent intentions towards him, and being far more disposed (Mrs. Dysart especially) to further than to hinder him in his matrimonial desires.

There is no creature, however, on this earth so painfully thin-skinned and prone to make difficulties for himself as a lover; and thanks to Mrs. Dysart's over-cautious way of going to work, poor Lion fumed and fretted, kept himself proudly away from Hillbrow and Dilworth alike, and would have liked, in his sense of ill-usage, to forswear society altogether, but for the promise he had given to dine at Hapsburg Hall.

He did go there, however, and was rewarded by champagne at fifteen shillings a bottle, and grapes as big as ordinary apricots; and after dinner Horatia Maude sang to him in a poor little flat-chested voice, which was only preferable to her

brother's anecdotes over the wine inasmuch as it was not coarse or offensive.

"Only a face at the wee—e—eendow!" quavered poor Horatia, while Lion turned over the pages, and looking down on her tow-colored head, with its straight, scanty fringe of hair on the forehead and broad pink parting, pinker than ever with the exertion of singing, thought of that graceful, flower-like head at Hillbrow, behind which he had been so fond of taking up a position. He was very kind to Horatia, however, and thanked her for her song (which made the parting redder than before), bringing her cup of tea to the piano, and talking pleasantly to her while she drank it: all of which he did simply in remembrance of that word she had spoken of Sybil the last time he saw her. Then the big clock in the hall chimed ten, and he said good-bye and made his escape; but after he was gone, Mrs. de Boonyen, who was usually rather severe on Horatia Maude, called the girl to her and patted her on the shoulder, telling her approvingly that she had sung very nicely—at any rate (with a meaning smile) young Mr. Ashleigh evidently thought so!

"Is Horry setting her cap at the curate?" said Albert Edward, with a loud laugh; and poor Horatia grew crimson and cried out piteously that she was not. She became quite miserable a few moments later, when her mother said something as to the probability of Mrs. Ashleigh inviting her to stay at Dilworth rectory for a while; and inwardly prayed that nothing of the sort might happen. If Lion had been one of the curates at Epsom, indeed—a big, carrot-haired widower of forty, with something like twopence-halfpenny a year, five children, and his collars and cuffs as frayed at the edges as a Japanese chrysanthemum, it would have been very different. Gladly would she have gone to stay with his mother, an old woman with a mangy front and a six-roomed house somewhere in Holloway; and would have put away her music forever, if, instead, she might have learnt to darn the five children's socks and mend those frayed collars; but that was a sorrowful little secret hidden away in her own unobtrusive bosom, and not so much as suspected by the family, who were already disposing of her in their imaginations.

"Jenny," said Sybil, "you are not like Dorothea after all. She could be comfortably idle sometimes, and you can't."

It was one of those golden afternoons

in September when it seems impossible to stay indoors, and the Dysart girls were taking advantage of it for a country ramble: a thing they were fond of doing while the long fine days and warm weather lasted. Already, however, the summer was drawing to a close, and the yellow corn had been bound into sheaves and piled on huge wains, whose ponderous wheels creaked along the narrow lanes, leaving deep ruts behind them in their wake. Already the woody nightshade was hanging out clusters of berries, scarlet, green, and black. The haws were blushing with their ruddiest hue; and the big, white, trumpet-shaped convolvulus was binding in its spiral arms and pale green foliage the hedges, where a white back the honeysuckle and wild rose had waved their perfumed clusters. Autumn, with a veil of mist upon her brow and falling leaves beneath her feet, was coming on apace; and nature, ever generous in her gracious compensations, laid warmer colors upon earth's fair bosom as she saw the hot and fickle kisses of the summer sun turning from it to southern climes. Earth should not be left desolate if mother nature could help her child; and so she put forth her hand, and lo! in tangled hedgerows and bosky woods the alders were swiftly changed to empurpled red, and the maples to ruddy gold; the blackberry bushes hung out rich clusters of crimson fruit, growing darker day by day; the sycamore, "in scarlet honors bright," rose in a blaze of glory against the metallic lustre of the copper beech; and down in quiet nooks the wild-strawberry leaves dying off upon the ground made a brilliant broiery of garnets upon the dry, ivy-tangled soil. It was to one of these last-named places that the girls had wandered: a sunny corner of a little wood from which the timber had been partially cleared, the fallen trunks still lying where they had been cut down among a wilderness of young green saplings, trailing blackberry shoots, and tall, feathery grass waving its silver plumes gently in the light breeze. Sybil was a little tired with her walk, and sat down to rest on a log covered with grey, crumpled lichens like an old man's beard, letting the book which she was carrying slide through her slender fingers on to the grass, while Jenny seated herself on the grass at a little distance, opened a much-worn tin paint-box, and began to sketch vigorously.

There was a quantity of latent energy in Jenny Dysart which never suffered her to be idle for long. Even at times when

she seemed to be doing nothing her head was hard at work; but generally her fingers were busy as well. Languor or listlessness were things unknown to her, and you could read as much in the bright intentness of her large, grey eyes, and the quick, firm movements of her long fingers—that is, if you took any interest in reading her at all; she being by no means as pretty or fascinating to contemplate as her elder sister. Viewed from a little distance, as they came along the road or sat at work together, the girls looked as alike as they well could be; but though Jenny's hair was of the same pale, soft color as Sybil's, it lacked the tinge of gold which made the latter's glitter in the sunlight, and was straight and fine as spun silk, without one of those little waves or curls which made a baby halo round Sybil's brow. Her skin, too, had the same pearly fairness as her sister's; but it was a fairness untinged by that delicate rose-color in the cheek and finger-tips which lent so much beauty to the elder; and though her eyes had a certain depth and earnestness which the latter's lacked, they were purely grey, without any of that blue, liquid light which made Lion Ashleigh think of wet March violets while gazing into Miss Dysart's eyes. She was very slim also; slim with an unformed slenderness; and this, with her dark eyes and the delicacy of her hands and feet, reminded one of the slender-limbed, large-eyed fawns in Chadleigh Park; only you could less easily imagine her than Sybil growing into the round, unthinking complacency of the mother doe. She looked up now at her sister with a smile.

"Why, Sybil, what an idea! As if I or any other girl could be like Dorothea! Why, if I knew of such a one I should want to go and sit at her feet and worship her. I was thinking only to-day if it were better for the rest of the world to be such a woman in reality, or to be able to invent her in a book."

"Well, but that's what I call being like her. She was full of odd fancies, and so are you."

"Only mine are not original. That idea is just a rendering of two of George Eliot's own lines:—

To live worthy the writing, or to write
Worthy the living and the world's delight.

I think for myself I'd rather do the latter. It is so difficult for a woman to 'live worthy the writing.'"

"But I don't think men do so either, Jenny."

"More men than women; and there are others who might do so. Lion Ashleigh, for instance! One feels with him that it's all there, if the need came to show it—at least, I mean I—that's what I used to feel."

Jenny had been speaking impetuously, but checked herself suddenly, and the last words came with a kind of jerky embarrassment. Sybil looked at her, coloring a little.

"Is it not a long time since he came to see us? He had got into the habit of dropping in so often," she said gently. Then, as her sister did not answer: "You have not quarrelled in earnest with him, have you, Jenny? You always are quarrelling over things, you know."

"Arguing—not quarrelling," corrected Jenny. "Lion wouldn't condescend to quarrel with a girl like me."

"He doesn't condescend to argue with me," said her sister, laughing. "I suppose I am not clever enough." But Jenny stopped her indignantly.

"Sybil, you know it's not that. You know he always agrees with you. Oh, dear, I did think——"

"What, dear?" asked Sybil placidly.

"Nothing—at least—— Well, it's no use trying to keep it to myself," cried Jenny, making a vehement dash with her paint-brush at the sky which she was just putting in. "I did not think he would have gone and married one of those Miss de Boonyens; that's all."

"Married—who?" asked Sybil. She was not conscious that her voice had changed; she was not even conscious of any particular feeling which need make it do so; but Jenny fancied that it had, and answered in eager, remorseful haste,—

"Horatia de Boonyen. But, Sybil, I did not mean that he was married yet; of course not. Only Emily was talking about it when she was mending my dress this morning"—Emily was the housemaid at Hillbrow—"and I was so shocked I could not help telling mamma. Emily said it was quite fixed; and, do you know, mamma did not seem a bit surprised! She was vexed with me for letting Emily speak to me about such things; but she said Mrs. Ashleigh liked Horatia de Boonyen, and that it would be a very good match. Oh, dear! I am disappointed in them."

"My dear Jenny—why?" cried Sybil, laughing. "How excited you are. Poor little Miss de Boonyen! I think it would do her good to be married, she always looks so frightened; and Mr. Beale of

Epsom said once that she was a really nice, good girl."

"Good enough for him, I dare say!" cried Jenny hotly. Mr. Beale was that curate with the red hair and frayed collars of whom I have already spoken, and the second Miss Dysart had not the same opinion of him as the second Miss de Boonyen. "But not for Lion or his mother—she who is so proud! I shouldn't have been surprised at Lady Ashleigh, who is so good-natured she always tries to think every one is nice."

"I like Lady Ashleigh the best," said Sybil. "It is pleasanter being with people who always think you nice. Come, Jenny, don't be ridiculous. Surely Lion Ashleigh is the best judge of who is suited to him. All I wonder is that he has not told us. Adelaide told me of John's engagement long before it was formally announced; and as for her own, I heard all its first preliminaries as soon as they arose; but I dare say he has been too much occupied since it was arranged to come to us. Indeed, now we know what has kept him away, Jenny, I think——"

Sybil did not say what she thought; for at that moment there was a crackling among the nut-trees and underwood behind them; and, turning their heads, they saw Lion Ashleigh himself coming to meet them.

Lionel had risen early on this day, with his mind even more full of Sybil than usual. These weeks that had passed without his seeing her had only made her image more present to him, and showed him how strong a hold she had taken of his life. When he came down in the morning he tried to fancy how her bright face would look at the head of the breakfast table, and what a different aspect the formal, comfortable drawing-room would present if consecrated by her presence, and made bright with feminine prettinesses like the rooms at Dilworth and Hillbrow. Even his study would, he thought, be far improved if he could see Sybil's low chair near his, or her pretty head peeping in at the door. It was a comfortable room enough already, as far as men's ideas of comfort go, with a great, luxurious chair for himself; well-filled bookcases; two or three photographs from the old masters on the walls; a fox's brush, a pair of model skulls, silver-mounted, and a bat (prizes), over the mantel-shelf; a host of pipes, whips, and walking-sticks filling racks and corners; and sofa, floor, and tables strewn with

books, papers, dried plants, fossils from Oyster Hill and the Epsom gravel-pits, and "rubbish" of all sorts: a room which no woman could have seen, without longing to invade it with broom and dustpan and set it to rights; but which in its present condition was just what a man delights in. Unfortunately, Lion wanted the woman as well; and would have even put up with the broom and dustpan for the sake of having her.

"At least I may as well know my fate," he said to himself that morning at breakfast. "It is cowardly to shirk it; and I may have been too touchy. Her mother might not have meant anything. At any rate, if there is a possibility of that rumor having reached Sybil I owe it to her to let her know that the one desire of my heart is to make it true, and give her the option of accepting or refusing me. Please God it won't be the latter! I'll go to her mother this very day."

With that intention in his mind he started out to get through his parish work as early as possible, and was coming back from some outlying cottages through Barnett Wood when, through an opening in the boughs, he saw a bright spot of color; and realized, with a sudden leap of every drop of blood in his veins, that it was Sybil herself, not a dozen yards from him! He did not see Jenny at first. Sybil seemed to be alone, her fair face shining out against a background of light, flickering green; and, as he held his breath to gaze upon it, all his decorous and proper intentions as to going to Mrs. Dysart first fled away before a passionate desire to tell her how he loved her, and learn from herself if she could care for him. The words were trembling on his lips as he broke through the thicket; but they died there unspoken, for in the same moment he saw Jenny sitting on the grass at her sister's feet; and checked himself just in time.

It was just then that the girls looked up and saw him; and I suppose the embarrassment in his manner, natural after being so suddenly thwarted in his purpose, added to the fact that they had only that moment been talking of him, communicated a certain constraint to all three; for they certainly met with a degree of reserve and formality for which each blamed the other, and which made them all very uncomfortable. They shook hands, of course, and made enquiries after respective parents, and then something was said about the weather and Jenny's sketch; but that young lady's face

wore the expression of an offended ante-lope, and her answers were so short that a man must have been dense indeed not to see he was out of favor with her. Neither side said anything about his late unwonted absence; they, lest the remark should seem to provoke an explanation of the hitherto unannounced engagement, and he from shyness at alluding to a thing about which they seemed so indifferent. It was one of those stupid little misunderstandings which every now and then spring up between the best of friends, yet which a word could break down if it were only possible to speak it.

It did not seem easy to do so at present.

Sybil behaved the best. She always did. There was a sort of sweet, sunshiny graciousness about her which it took a good deal to ruffle; and Jenny thought her manner to-day simply angelic, and wondered how any man could be in her presence and yet care for another woman. That Lionel, her hero always, and best friend and mentor in general, should be able to do so was a real shock to her, and one by which he fell so suddenly low in her estimation that when he made some good natured comment on a faulty bit in her sketch, she colored high, and looked at him as if he had taken some unwarrantable liberty. Lionel colored, too, as much with surprise as annoyance, and drew back on the instant.

"I beg your pardon," he said quickly. "It was cool of me to make the remark. I couldn't paint half as well myself, and you may be right; but——"

"It is not right. The whole of that foreground is wrong, and you could do it a great deal better. You wouldn't have known how to find fault otherwise," Jenny interrupted sharply, and then shut the book with a bang as if to put a stop to further criticism. It was shockingly rude of her—I am not making any excuse for the second Miss Dysart—and Sybil felt quite ashamed of her sister. She came to the rescue by rising as if they were about to go home, and Jenny's action had been only preparatory to the same.

"Jenny does not mind looking her faults in the face," she said pleasantly. "Now, I am far vainer; for I'm afraid I like to be praised over what I do, whether I deserve it or not."

"I should call that sensitiveness, not vanity," said Lionel gently; but before the paths of peace thus retraced could be pursued, poor Jenny's sudden aggressive-ness forced her to put in,—

"You might call it so, but it would only be from politeness. Wanting praise for everything, good or bad, is vanity; and I remember your once saying so yourself."

"You have a better memory than I," said Lion coldly; and then Sybil saw that further efforts were useless, and said good-bye.

"Are you going home? I am going in that direction too," he interrupted eagerly, "and if you would let me carry your books —"

But though she thanked him very sweetly, and with the softest light in her eyes, Sybil would not consent. Jenny and she were going on a little farther first, and she would not trouble him with the books. They were no weight. She held out her hand as she spoke, and Lion had no resource but to take it and go on his way. The interview, instead of bringing them nearer, had made him feel farther off than ever. He went away feeling as if he had been virtually dismissed.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FACE ON THE EASEL.

"I DON'T know what you come here for at all," said Mrs. Beverley.

"My dear creature, because you want me so badly."

It was Gareth Vane who answered. It was in London, and he was lounging in the corner of a luxurious sofa, his handsome Greek face, the face which had dazzled Sybil Dysart's eyes in the turnip-field many months ago, only half turned with an expression, part purely lazy, part good-humoredly amused, on the woman who stood fretting and tapping one small foot impatiently against the marble fender. She whisked round on him, her eyes flashing.

"How dare you, Gareth! I won't allow you to talk in that way to me, and it's not true. I am not your dear creature, and I don't want you here at all."

"Don't you? I'm so sorry — really. Do you know I fancied, as you asked me here so often, that you did," Gareth said gently; a gentleness which remained perfectly unruffled by her angry exclamation, as he went on: "And as for the rest, beautiful as you are, Belle, you must own you are a creature still; and I can't help your being dear to me. Indeed, I don't think I've ever tried. Do you want me to begin?"

The black eyes lost their angry flash and grew soft in a moment; yet she still spoke petulantly.

"Now you want to make up to me; but I won't have it, Gareth. I don't care for you a bit; and I don't believe that you care, or could care, for any one in the world but yourself."

"I don't think I do — much," said Gareth languidly. "Oneself is so much nearer than other people, and therefore so much more interesting, you know. One feels all its wants and pains so tenderly; and then it never allows itself to be forgotten. It is rather wearisome at times, however, and, whatever you may think, I do get tired of mine now and then."

"Poor fellow! do you really?" cried Mrs. Beverley, laughing at his mock plaintive tone. "I wonder you don't supplement it by —"

"Another self? Why didn't you finish? You know that was what you were going to say. Suppose I can't!"

"I was not going to say that; but it would have been reasonable enough all the same, and I confess I don't see the 'can't.' I do not believe there is a man living who couldn't get some woman to accept him."

"*Si fait!* But suppose — it's only a suppose, you know — that I were so exacting that 'some' woman wouldn't content me."

"Then find another," said Mrs. Beverley, laughing. "Goodness knows there are enough in this over-womaned country of ours."

"Over-womaned!" Gareth repeated with sudden and bitter emphasis. "Do you call it that? By Heaven, I should have thought there were less women in it — real women, womanly women, such as we read of in times gone by, or dream of when we are sick or mad — than in any other country under the sun except America. Even Italian *contessas* have one womanly trait at any rate — they are weak; weak enough to kneel to shrines, and crave for absolution; weak enough to fall outright when they do fall; but here — Well, most men have had mothers. I suppose I had, though I don't remember her; and some have sisters; but egad! I wonder at any man having a wife."

"You are excessively rude," said Mrs. Beverley. She was really angry now, and her cheeks were flushed with a deep red which quite extinguished the delicate spot of rose-color her maid had planted there rather earlier in the day. She took her foot off the fender as she spoke, and came and stood in front of him, the very impersonation of a wrathful Eastern

queen, low-browed, with hair black as ink, cut in a short, shining wave over the forehead, and gathered up behind into a knot of curls fastened with a gold band. Her costume was Eastern, too, being a loose tunic of some soft, orange-colored material draped about a plain, tightly-fitting robe of deep-purple velvet, which came up to the throat and down to the elbows, showing as much of a pair of round, creamy-white arms as was not hidden by the link on link of heavy gold bangles which glittered on them. A handsome, dazzling-looking woman, never more so than when her cheeks were flushed and her eyes glittering as now; yet not what you would specify as "womanly" all the same. Perhaps that was why the idle barb stuck.

"You, of all men, too," she exclaimed, "to talk in that way! You who in your heart hate prudes and prigs as much as I do."

"So do I," said Gareth meekly. His momentary flash of earnestness was over, and he spoke with his usual lazy nonchalance. "It was very foolish of me to talk in that way—to you! Please forgive me before I go. I apologize."

"You are not going!" said Mrs. Beverley quickly, for he had risen up and was holding out his hand. "What's that for?"

"Because I must. Good-bye."

"What nonsense! I won't hear of it. Sit down again. Why, there's a ring at the bell; my friends are only just coming."

"Very sorry, but I came to see you, Belle, not your friends; and having done so—"

"And made yourself as disagreeable as possible! If you want to go, Gareth Vane, pray do so and as soon as possible. No one wishes to keep you."

She turned from him as she spoke to greet the new-comer, a tall, military-looking foreigner, and as Gareth went downstairs he heard her exclaim,—

"My dear prince, I am so glad you came to see me to-day. That is one of the most unbearable men in London."

The young man laughed a little as he went down-stairs. He knew the words were meant for him to hear; but he also knew that most likely before that time next day he would be receiving a little sea-blue tinted note, giving him some commission for Mrs. Beverley which would necessitate a speedy call from him, and couched in playfully affectionate terms so her present irascibility did not

weigh very heavily on his spirits. Belle was his cousin in a sense; a widow, still young, though a year or two older than himself, with plenty of money, the prettiest pair of ponies in London, a house in Bayswater and another at Ryde; and at both these houses Gareth was to be found more frequently than at those of any other friend, and was sure of always finding a welcome. Some people said they were engaged; others that they would be if Mrs. Beverley had her will, but that Gareth hung back; others again that it was only a long-standing flirtation with no serious meaning on either side. Belle Beverley was known to be rather fond of flirtations; but Gareth was the standing favorite and knew it, though to the world he always assumed that she only cared for him as a "cousin," and the deuce was in it if a man mightn't go to see his own cousin as often as he liked, more especially when she was a widow, poor thing, with no father or brother to help her; while Mrs. Beverley took the same stand, and spoke of him as "poor dear Tom's nearest relative and friend," declaring that that departed saint had begged her to always look to Gareth for brotherly care and guardianship, and that she was therefore bound to consider his wishes.

As a matter of fact it was not Gareth at all, but his half-sister, Mrs. Hamilton, the wife of a fashionable physician at Surbiton, who was "poor dear Tom's" cousin; and as that good man's claims to saintship had chiefly lain in a long martyrdom of wrongs patiently endured, and jealousies keenly suffered and wantonly inflicted at his wife's hands, it is hardly to be wondered if people were found to scoff at the widow's explanations, and credit young Vane with a nearer claim on her regard than mere kinship to her happily departed husband.

Belle Beverley was not spoken of in particularly respectful terms among men; and many ladies would not admit her to their society, and pulled long faces at the mention of her name; but Mrs. Hamilton, who lived at Surbiton, and saw very little of her quasi-relative, only thought her rather loud and imprudent, and would have been glad to see Gareth married to her. He wanted a wife, and a wife with money, for he had nearly run through his own little property, and his wildness and irregularities kept his sister in perpetual anxiety for him. Perhaps, if he were once married, he would settle down and grow steady; and if Belle had faults,

there might be worse women, and perhaps he would get on better with her than with a girl, who would be only shocked with his ways. Mrs. Hamilton was very fond of her brother; but her opinion of these "ways," and, indeed, of those of men in general, was not high; and she was inclined to think that his wife would have to be very tolerant by nature, to be either happy herself or make him so.

Gareth was going down to Surbiton now. He reached there about an hour before dinner, and having made his way with a good deal of delay and difficulty through a small troop of children, who rushed off the croquet-lawn and clung to his arms and legs, imploring him to join in their game, he was shown into the drawing-room, where Mrs. Hamilton was writing a letter. She looked up at his entrance and smiled pleasantly, giving him her cheek to kiss.

"Why, Gareth, this is good. I am glad to see you. It is quite a long time since you have been here. Was it you over whom the children were making such an uproar just now? I could hear them through the window."

"Yes; they caught hold of me, and insisted on my being a bear, as they were playing at wild beasts," said Gareth, dropping into a chair and tossing his curls back. "Is my coat split up the back, Helen? It ought to be, for Fred sprang on my shoulders and held on to the collar, just as I was giving Winny an ursine hug. I hope I haven't killed him; but I had to chuck him into the nearest bush to get clear."

"You spoil the children dreadfully. It's no wonder they worship you as they do, Gareth, but it is very bad for them," Mrs. Hamilton said reprovingly. Gareth laughed.

"Bah! a little spoiling does no one any harm. You may spoil me if you like. I assure you I want it."

"As if you were not utterly spoilt already! What have you been doing with yourself of late? Nothing good, of course."

She was standing over him as she spoke in very much the same position as Belle Beverley a couple of hours earlier, but with no other resemblance to the former woman. Tall and commanding looking, with a face which had been very handsome once — which would have been handsome now in spite of her seven-and-thirty years, but for a certain harshness of expression, and a complexion so absolutely colorless as to look almost ghastly in a strong light —

with plenty of dark glossy hair and a good figure always set off by handsome clothes, Mrs. Hamilton was an eminently personable, dignified-looking woman; and though her last words sounded ungentle in themselves, there was no lack of sisterly kindness in the tone which accompanied them. Gareth looked up at her, still smiling.

"Nothing very bad. Writing a little, playing a good deal, losing some money, and quarrelling with Belle Beverley; also a few other things which I can't call to mind at present. There's frankness for you."

Mrs. Hamilton shook her head.

"You might have omitted 'losing money' from the list, Gareth. When you say 'playing,' that includes the other. People who are always gambling must lose money."

"Except when they win. I never thought much about it, but I suppose some one must win occasionally, mustn't they?" Gareth asked innocently; but his sister was not to be joked with.

"And when are you going to leave off flirting with Belle Beverley, and marry her? It would be better for you."

"Perhaps; but she hasn't asked me to do so yet. When she does —"

"Have you asked her? That would be more to the purpose. Not that I admire her myself, or like her style in any way; but you really ought to get married; and if she cares for you as —"

"As you have no right to suppose! I don't, I assure you; and to prove it, she turned me out of the house only to-day."

"I dare say you deserved it."

"I dare say I did. Any how, I have come here to be consoled. How's the doctor, Helen?"

"Very well, I believe. I suppose he will be in soon. It will be dinner-time directly."

The dressing-bell was ringing as she spoke; and when, about ten minutes later, the second one sounded, Mrs. Hamilton and her brother went down to dinner together. Dr. Hamilton had not yet come home. He was a very clever physician in large practice; and it was one of the household ordinances that, if he were not in at meal-times, he should not be waited for. Gareth was aware of the rule, and thought it rather a good one where children were in question; yet he sometimes wondered that at the late dinner, when they were only two as now, Helen did not give her husband a few minutes' "law;"

or even order the soup to be brought back when he had come in to-day just as it had been taken down, and looking as tired and exhausted as a man hard at work, mind and body, since morning might be expected to do. Did she sit down all the same if she were alone, the young man questioned in himself, and go on eating as calmly as she did now, barely even pausing to look round when her husband entered? True, it was a way in the Surbiton household not to make a fuss over its master; but, on the other hand, Helen was so indisputably mistress in that household that its ways were hers; and Gareth frequently found himself wondering how his brother-in-law liked it. "I shouldn't, I know, by Jove!" he told himself emphatically.

Dr. Hamilton did not seem to mind, however. He was a tall, spare man, with a pleasant, refined cast of features, and manners very gentle and courteous. Perhaps there was a trifle of sadness in his expression, and an occasional tendency to very polished irony in his tone and words; but these were no drawbacks to him among his friends and patients, with whom—the ladies especially—he was an immense favorite; getting, indeed, enough attention abroad to almost indemnify him for a little neglect at home.

"I'm very glad to find you here, Gareth. How are you, and why don't you come oftener?" he said, nodding kindly at his brother-in-law, and beginning to eat his dinner very fast, and with the air of a man who has been keeping other people waiting for him; though in point of fact it was only Gareth who even made a pretence of doing so. "By the way, Helen," glancing at his wife, "Mrs. Jameson sent her love to you to-day, and asked me to tell you she was coming to call to-morrow."

Mrs. Hamilton looked up at him, a quick, keen flash in her dark eyes.

"She is very kind. I do not know that I shall be at home to-morrow. So that is where you have been this afternoon! I don't wonder you are late for dinner. It is a long drive from Randall's Manor; but I had not heard that any one there was ill."

"Neither have I," said the doctor pleasantly; "and as it happens I haven't been near Randall's Manor. I met Mrs. Jameson in Kingston this afternoon, and she stopped the carriage to give me that message for you. If it isn't inconvenient to you, though, Helen, I should be glad if you could be at home when she calls.

She is a touchy woman, and the family are rather valuable as patients."

Mrs. Hamilton made no answer. Perhaps she did not hear. There was a ring at the door-bell just then, and the next moment the page entered with a note for the doctor. General Somebody had been taken suddenly ill, and his wife had sent the carriage. Would the doctor go "at once"? The poor doctor was in the act of cutting a slice of mutton for himself; but he dropped his knife and fork, and rose on the instant. Perhaps one secret of his popularity was the promptitude with which he always attended to his patients' calls; but Gareth never thought of this, and exclaimed indignantly, —

"Why, doctor, you're not going now; you've had no dinner. Hang it all! Can't they wait a little?"

"Well, people in general won't wait to die even while their doctor finishes his dinner," said the doctor, hastily working himself into his great-coat which the footman was holding for him.

"Thanks, Gar," as the younger man poured him out a glass of wine and pressed it on him. "It is a bother, isn't it? and just when you're here. Never mind! I shall see you when I get back. I mayn't be long," and he was gone.

"You had better take the foot of the table again, Gareth," said Mrs. Hamilton quietly. "James, change Mr. Vane's plate; his mutton has got quite cold. I'm afraid you are having a most uncomfortable dinner, my dear."

Gareth could not help looking at her in astonishment. It was very kind of Helen to be so solicitous for his comfort; but it would have been more natural, after all, if she had shown a little wifely anxiety for her husband in preference, had said something sympathetic to the poor man as he went out from his barely tasted meal; or scolded, however unreasonably, at the people who summoned him away from it. Of course, every woman with any common sense knows that a medical man is liable to these disturbances, and must put up with them if he is to succeed in his profession; but mere common sense, however valuable a quality in general, does grate on us now and then when we happen to be looking for warm-heartedness instead; and Gareth almost felt impatient when his sister went on to question him about some literary work on which he was engaged, without any further comment on her husband's departure.

"Rather hard on Hamilton, isn't it, be-

ing dragged about in this way?" he said, after answering her rather shortly. "It doesn't often happen, I hope."

"Not oftener than with most doctors, I suppose," replied Mrs. Hamilton. "Every profession has its little drawbacks, as a matter of course."

"By Jove, I shouldn't call going without my dinner after tramping about all day a little drawback," cried Gareth. "I suppose you always have it kept hot for him against he comes back."

"Not unless he wishes it. I never know when he is coming back, you know. To-night he may very probably dine at the general's. The old man often has these fits."

As it happened, however, Dr. Hamilton did not dine at the general's, and indeed returned in rather less than an hour, just as the other two were having their coffee in the drawing-room.

"The old fellow had rallied before I got there," he said wearily. "He'll go off in the next, however. Is there any dinner for me down-stairs, Helen?"

"Did you give any orders about it? I do not know if they will have kept anything otherwise," she said calmly. "If you will touch the bell, however, I will ask." And Gareth, watching his brother-in-law rather curiously, wondered to see him obey without any comment; and when a message came up that everything was nearly cold, as cook had had no orders, content himself with a slightly sarcastic shrug, instead of the burst of wrath in which many men would have felt themselves justified.

"Cook will heat it up, sir, in a few minutes, if you wish," said the boy; but his master shook his head.

"I should be too tired to eat if I waited any longer. I'll have some coffee and bread and butter and some cold meat, if there is any in the house, in my study. Be quick with it."

"Upon my soul, doctor, you're the easiest man I know," cried Gareth boldly; though he saw his sister's pallid face flush at the words. The physician smiled, a trifle bitterly.

"My dear boy, a wise man never quarrels with what can't be remedied. You young bachelors pay a landlady to wait on you only; and you expect to be waited on. It is one of the benefits of your state. Let me advise you to keep to it."

Gareth was on the point of saying that he had always understood married men were better cared for than bachelors; but an instinct of delicacy towards his sister,

who was always kinder and more affectionate to him than to any one save her own children, withheld him; and he contented himself with answering somewhat emphatically, "I mean to do so," and volunteering to sit down-stairs with the doctor while the latter was eating.

The study was a small room, but very comfortable, and fitted up with an amount of artistic taste, not to say elegance, which made it widely different from most medical men's sanctums. There were a great many books, of course, and most of them technical ones; but there were also three or four really valuable pictures, some rare bronzes and etchings, a very fair collection of old Chelsea plates lining the walls, a small copy of Gibson's Greek slave standing on an ebony pedestal in a little velvet-framed niche, and, on an easel near the window, a cabinet picture by Leslie—one of those dainty girl heads which no other painter seems able to accomplish with equal purity and beauty. Gareth went over to examine it at once. He knew the doctor was a lover of the fine arts, and that he generally kept his latest treasure on view in that position.

"Leslie, eh?" he said, glancing at the initials in the corner. "Why, Hamilton, you've made a find this time and no mistake. What a jolly little face!"

"Do you think so?" said the doctor pleasantly; though at Gareth's first movement towards the easel his face had flushed slightly as if with annoyance. "I got it at the Dudley. They have just sent it home. Yes; girls' faces are his forte."

"He's been fortunate in this one, anyhow," said Gareth. "The modelling of the chin is exquisite, and those round, forget-me-not blue eyes—Stay, where the deuce have I seen a pair like them? Indeed, the whole face is like some one. Is it a portrait of any one you know, doctor?"

"Certainly not," said his brother-in-law; adding with some decision: "I should say that it was an entirely imaginary face. Not that there is anything out of the common in it."

"I don't know that," Gareth answered, shaking his head. "If I were lucky enough to meet the girl to whom it belonged, I should feel a heap more inclined to fall in love with her than with nine out of ten of the girls I do meet. The odd thing is that I believe I have met her! Look here, Helen," as there was a tap at the door, and Mrs. Hamilton just put in her head to urge him to stay the night

with them. "You've seen this picture. Is it like any one you know?"

Mrs. Hamilton came up slowly, and looked first at the picture and then, more keenly, at her husband, who was drinking his coffee at the moment, and did not look up.

"No," she said shortly; "and I had not seen it before. I did not even know Dr. Hamilton had bought it. It is probably the portrait of some one he —" But before she could finish, Gareth interrupted her with an exclamation.

"I have it! I knew I had seen a face like it; though it's not one that either of you would know: a little girl I met at the corner of a turnip-field near Leatherhead when I was shooting down there in September. By Jove! I nearly shot her, and frightened all the color out of her sweet little face. I thought I couldn't forget it; and certainly for a chance likeness this is the strongest I've ever seen. Well, I rather envy you, Hamilton!"

From *The Nineteenth Century*.

THE WORKS OF SIR HENRY TAYLOR.*

It is told of a court physician that, when asked to explain why the malady from which his royal patient was suffering pressed so unequally upon mankind at large, he took refuge in the following generalization: "Sometimes, your Majesty, the gout takes us; sometimes we take the gout." The same distinction applies to poetry not less than *podagra*. There are some natures—Shelley's was one—which are absolutely seized and dominated by their imagination. They are nothing if not poetical; no antagonism of unfavorable conditions avails to hinder their development, and you cannot separate the poet from their composition or conceive their fulfilling any other calling without destroying their individuality. In many other natures imagination is a cherished faculty, which under fortunate auspices is certain of indulgence, but it never interpenetrates or subdues their essence. They are poets by choice and habit rather than necessity. Under different circumstances they would have developed the practical side of their character instead of the ideal, and usually contrive to develop both sides more or less fully. It cannot be denied that this is virtually identical

with the distinction between genius and talent, never perhaps more pithily stated than in a line of the present Lord Lytton's:—

Genius does what it must, and Talent does what it can.

The one answers to the fitfully headstrong impulse of a mountain torrent that will choose its own course; the other to the steadily placid lapse of a canal that may be turned whither you please. We protest, however, against the stock assumption of criticism that to credit a writer with talent instead of genius is to brand him with a stigma. It is no disparagement of what is good to say that it is not the best; and it is certain that the best is not always the most generally serviceable. Although creative art is the noblest exercise of the imagination, and affords the highest enjoyment to those minds prepared for its reception, it can never command the suffrages of the majority. Reynolds must always be a more popular artist than Raffaele; Haydn have a wider circle of admirers than Beethoven. How many are humanized and soothed by the verse of Thomson, Gray, or Goldsmith, whom poets of a higher order fail to touch! Poetry of all the arts is the most comprehensive, and there is no section of mankind inaccessible to its influence. To the least imaginative classes, politicians and men of business engrossed with the active pursuits of life, it has a twofold value; on the one hand providing their memories with an inexhaustible supply of illustrations of character and of maxims pregnant with social wisdom; on the other hand raising their view from the concrete to the abstract, from the real to the ideal. We have recently had the testimony of a practical statesman to its utility in one or both of these aspects at the present day. "Never was there a time," says Mr. Grant Duff, "when a wise adviser would more decidedly say to a young aspirant to public life: 'Be sure to take a great passport of poetry.'" No sentiment, therefore, but that of gratitude is due to a busy man of the world and an experienced servant of the State, like Sir Henry Taylor, for having devoted the leisure of his long life to the production of imaginative works fitted for the apprehension of readers similarly situated, and in the ripeness of age bestowing such final touches upon his art as may render it more acceptable to his latest contemporaries. Without assigning it a higher literary rank than properly belongs to it, or disguising the existence of its

* *The Works of Sir Henry Taylor*. Five volumes. C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1877-8.

limitations, a just criticism will recognize much in it to commend, a generous criticism much to condone.

To a poet of practical imagination and active pursuits historical drama offers the most congenial field of study, and though he has in turn essayed lyrical and idyllic composition also, the great bulk of Sir Henry Taylor's work has been cast in that form. His success in characterization seems to be limited to the cases in which he has drawn upon his observation, or in which ample data for the construction of types have lain at his disposal. Where he has failed it is evident that he has transcended the range of sight, or been inadequately furnished with historical and biographical material. The students of his plays must be content to miss the shaping forethought, the definite analysis, the vivid energy, and intense passion of the great dramatists; but, in lieu of these, they will be rewarded with a discriminating selection of dramatic subjects, many truthful portraits and representations of historical scenery, much ripe scholarship and sound wisdom, habitual dignity and occasional grace of style, and a uniformly high-minded and healthy tone.

As a dramatist, he belongs to the school of Elizabethan revival, but, except in one instance, has been careful to avoid the mistake of imitating his models too closely. In seeking, however, to steer clear of the quicksand of archaism, he has sometimes struck upon the rock of modernism. Philip van Artevelde in his colloquy with Elena (Part II., act v., scene 3) might be taken for a German metaphysician. Isaac Commenus has affinities with an agnostic thinker of the present century. Wulfstan, in "Edwin the Fair," has been plausibly supposed to be a caricature of Coleridge, and Leolf, in the same play, is a gentle sentimentalist who would be more in his element at an "æsthetic tea" than as heretoch of an Anglo-Saxon army. These lapses, however, are comparatively rare. The keeping of each dramatic picture is for the most part consistently maintained, and the dialogue fairly harmonizes with the assumed position of the speakers. The dramatist's occasional failure to keep this in view may be explained by remembering that none of his plays were intended for representation. One who is not continually stimulated by the need of conforming to the conditions of the stage is unavoidably tempted to aim at subtlety rather than definiteness of characterization — to attempt,

that is, the delineation of characters which do not readily unfold themselves through the medium of soliloquy or dialogue, and whose motives can only be made intelligible by means of detailed description, unsuited to any form of poetry but the narrative or lyrical. Two or three of Sir Henry Taylor's most elaborate studies suffer from this inadequate definition, but the majority of his types are happily familiar and simple enough to carry their interpretation along with them.

The two-part drama of "Philip van Artevelde," which is the best known of his works, deserves its rank of precedence and popularity by the greater vigor with which the action is carried on, and the larger variety and clearer portraiture of the persons of the drama. These merits belong more particularly to the first section. The personal jealousies and the turbulence of faction which hindered the healthy growth of civic freedom in the merchant cities of Flanders, and necessitated the remedial intervention of a dictator, are forcibly represented in the opening scenes. The character of Philip, upon whom this function devolves in the city of Ghent, is drawn with exceptional skill. Meditative and melancholy, domestic and gentle in repose, he conceals under his calm exterior a lofty ambition to be the champion of right, a keen appetite for vengeance on wrong-doers, and a capacity for prompt and resolute action which only opportunity is required to arouse. At once strong, just, and generous, he silences opposition, rewards fidelity, and disarms suspicion. In times of wavering will and divided counsel, he sees clearly what his own and the popular course should be, and firmly adheres to it, dragging along with him those who hesitate, and cutting down those who resist. In Ghent's sorest hour of peril and distress, when the Earl of Flanders, from whose tyranny it has revolted, is straining his utmost to reduce it by famine, Philip frankly takes the citizens into confidence, and, putting before them the alternative of submission to degrading terms of peace or a desperate attack upon the enemy's position, inspires them with his own enthusiasm for the manlier policy which he speedily crowns with success. His address to the citizens ere he and his little band set forth has the eloquence of simple sincerity, legitimately appealing to those emotional resources upon which a great leader can most safely rely.

Then fare ye well, ye citizens of Ghent!
This is the last time ye will see me here

Unless God prosper me past human hope.
 I thank you for the dutiful demeanor
 Which never — never — verily no, not once,
 Have I found wanting, though severely tried
 When discipline might seem without reward.
 Fortune has not been kind to me, good friends;
 But let not that deprive me of your loves,
 Or of your good report. Be this the word:
 "His rule was brief, calamitous — but just."
 No glory which a prosperous fortune gilds,
 If shorn of this addition, could suffice,
 To lift my heart so high as it is now.
 This is that joy in which my soul is strong,
 That there is not a man amongst you all,
 Who can reproach me that I used my power
 To do him an injustice. If there be,
 It is not to my knowledge; yet I pray
 That he will now forgive me, taking note
 That I had not to deal with easy times.

The minor characters, though obscured by Philip's prominence, are grouped round him effectively; the brutal but honest demagogue, Van den Bosch, and the treacherous, cowardly Occo being the most noteworthy. Adriana, the loving and trustful woman who plights her troth with his, is little more than a sketch; but the incident of her abduction by Occo, who, besides being a traitor to the cause of Ghent, is her rejected suitor, twines a thread of personal interest with the political texture of the plot. Philip's sister, the bright-witted, warm-hearted Clara, and her chivalrous lover, D'Arlon, are also slightly but gracefully delineated.

The action in this part of the drama is well-knit, no scene being superfluous or without manifest bearing upon the rest. The same praise cannot be so freely given to the second part, which might be curtailed of more than one scene without apparent loss, although each possesses an independent interest. The presentment of the events in which the leading characters take part is not less vivid than before, but there is less distinctness in the definition of their individual motives. There is still more uncertainty as to the purpose with which the successive incidents have been prepared to bring about the *dénouement*. Dramatists, of all artists, are allowed most immunity from didactic obligations, but that this is not Sir Henry Taylor's desire may be gathered from the preface to the play, in which he assumes as a canon that one of the main functions of poetry is "to instruct and infer." The "moral," however, of Philip's downfall is not clearly pointed. As a man he forfeits the sympathy hitherto accorded to him by his unworthy readiness to descend from the height of a spiritual love and sully the

memory of a lost wife by indulging in illicit intercourse with a frail adventuress; but no attempt is made to connect this private dereliction with any impeachment of his rectitude, foresight, or skill as a leader of men. He sacrifices no public interest to his personal passion, wastes no time in dalliance that might have been employed in diplomacy or strategy. In his capacity as regent of Flanders he seems to have been no less wise, just, and firm than when he was captain of the White Hoods of Ghent. The assumption of outward dignity with his new rank was not dictated by vanity, but to produce a calculated impression upon the vulgar mind. His one error of judgment, in placing too generous a confidence in the honor of a proved traitor whose life he had spared, was fatal to him personally, but contributed nothing to the ruin of his cause. Nor is his fate shown to have been due to any inherent defect in the democratic principle which he represented. He was not the victim of popular fickleness or factious jealousies from within, but of the overwhelming force of feudalism from without, and the craft of its unscrupulous instruments. The defection of so many of the revolted cities from the cause of freedom at the first approach of danger testified only that the time was not yet ripe for emancipation on so large a scale as he had striven to effect; but, abortive as his gallant efforts were, it cannot be doubted that their memory kept alive the seed of liberty, which two centuries later bore fruit in the Dutch republic. Upon the whole, the posthumous judgment passed on Philip by the Duke of Burgundy is so well borne out by the dramatic evidence, that he cannot be said to have deserved his fate; and if the dramatist intended it to be instructive, the lesson needs interpretation.

With a noble nature and great gifts
 Was he endow'd — courage, discretion, wit,
 An equal temper and an ample soul,
 Rock-bound and fortified against assaults
 Of transitory passion, but below
 Built on a surging subterranean fire
 That stirr'd and lifted him to high attempts.
 So prompt and capable and yet so calm,
 He nothing lack'd in sovereignty but the right,
 Nothing in soldiership except good fortune.

The character of Elena, the Italian adventuress, is also somewhat vaguely outlined, notwithstanding the unusual license which the author has allowed himself of anticipating its dramatic evolution by embodying a long autobiographical

soliloquy in the form of a lyrical interlude. The account which she therein gives of herself as the passionate victim of misplaced confidence and heartless desertion tallies only too well with the position which she occupies when the play opens, as the truant mistress of the worthless Duke of Bourbon, but is less easy to reconcile with the capacity for a genuine love which she evinces in her subsequent relation with Philip, and her quasi-maidenly reserve in accepting the proffer of his own. The readiness with which she passes from this stage into concubinage without any hint of a preference for marriage, and the boldness which prompts her declaration over his corpse when a doubt has been expressed as to the nature of their connection —

'Tis false ! thou liest ! I *was* his paramour — are again in keeping with her national temperament, always prone to the development of emotional sensibility unrestrained by principle, and with her original antecedents, but leave her recent behavior more than ever difficult of explanation.

If the presentment of the two leading characters be unsatisfactory, it is to a great extent redeemed by the vigorous and truthful drawing of the subordinate figures. Especially happy are the sketches of the boy-king of France, Charles the Sixth, his uncles Burgundy and Bourbon, the lesser nobles who compose his council, and their wily clerk, Tristram de Lestovet, who harmonizes their jarring jealousies and secretly directs their decisions. Sir Fleureant of Heurlée, who conceals his perjury and treachery under a front of frankness and courage, and Van Muck, whose meaner baseness lurks beneath genuine stupidity, are admirable companion portraits. But even better than these careful studies are the rough draughts of character incidentally thrown off in the course of Philip's speeches. He thus describes the several imperfections of the instruments which circumstances compel him to make use of in diplomatic negotiation : —

Quick-witted is he, versatile, seizing points
But never solving questions ; vain he is —
It is his pride to see things on all sides,
Which best to do he sets them on their corners.

Present before him arguments by scores
Bearing diversely on the affair in hand,
He'll see them all, successively, distinctly,
Yet never two of them can see together,
Or gather, blend, and balance what he sees,
To make up one account. . . .

Then the next,
Good Martin Blondel-Vatre, he is rich
In nothing else but difficulties and doubts ;
You shall be told the evil of your scheme,
But not the scheme that's better ; he forgets
That policy, expecting not clear gain,
Deals ever in alternatives ; he's wise
In negatives. . . . But admit
His apprehensions and demand, what then ?
And you shall find you've turned the blank
leaf over.

Scarcely less acute are some of the observations attributed to Lestovet. It is in such shrewd comments upon human nature that Sir Henry Taylor's experience finds fittest expression, and none of his writings afford a more varied illustration of its range.

"Edwin the Fair," which, according to the present arrangement of his works, follows next in succession, is little inferior to "Philip van Artevelde" as a dramatic conception, but much more unequal in execution. The action sometimes drags heavily, and at other times is broken by a frequent shifting of scenes which transports the spectator from one point to another so quickly that he loses his bearings. The general impression produced by the work, however, justifies the choice of subject. A clearer idea could hardly be conveyed of the distracted condition of the Saxon kingdom under the aggression of the spiritual upon the secular authority. The character of Dunstan, the representative spirit of this aggression, dominates over the rest so pre-eminently, that the play may be considered as designed for its exhibition. Part fanatic, part impostor, he arouses disgust by his pious frauds, and indignation by the ruthlessness with which he sacrifices loving hearts and innocent lives to his iron will, yet is redeemed from utter detestation as a man by his love for his aged mother, and from reprobation as a statesman by the patriotic fervor of his resistance to the Danish invaders. The most effective scene is that wherein his eloquence sways the synod which has threatened to gainsay his policy, and he clenches the decision by a concluding adjuration which is echoed by an apparently miraculous voice that proceeds from the cross. Gurmo, his creature and the instrument of his frauds, is another notable figure, and there is a striking touch in the repugnance he displays when dying to be shriven by the master whose base behests he has so faithfully executed.

The abject prostration to which the unrestrained exercise of monastic disci-

pline degraded its votaries is graphically portrayed in the colloquy of the two monks in attendance upon the Abbot of Sheen (act. i., scene 9).

First Monk. He slept two hours — no more ;
then raised his head

And said, "Methinks it raineth !"

Second Monk. Twice he coughed,
And then he spat.

First Monk. He raised himself and said,
"Methinks it raineth," pointing
with his hand,
And as he pointed, lo ! it rained
apace, etc.

Earl Leolf's chaplain, Wulfstan, the simple-hearted scholar with his inexhaustible fountain of speech, is a conceivable if somewhat exaggerated character. The voluble outpouring of "Billingsgate" attributed to another divine, Morcar, when haranguing the synod, will not be thought extravagant by any whose studies have lain in the direction of theological polemic. The ample materials extant for these pictures of ecclesiastical life are wanting to illustrate the life of the Saxon nobility, and, in relying upon imagination for his portraiture, Sir Henry Taylor has once or twice departed widely from that standard of historical *vraisemblance* to which he usually conforms. Accepting such information as history affords for our guidance, the types depicted in the banquetting scene (act ii., scene 5) may be pronounced true to nature; but anything less like probability than the introspective, fanciful tone of thought ascribed to Earl Leolf in act ii., scene 2, or the strain of refined sentiment in which his converse with Elgiva is pitched (act v., scene 7), it would be difficult for a caricaturist to invent. His friend, Earl Athulf, is only a shade or two more real. Less license is taken with the young king, who may be assumed to have undergone a culture to which his nobles must have been strangers, but the portrait fails to arouse that interest which his unhappy fate should challenge. It was no doubt impossible to make him an heroic figure, but his passion was at least a source of strength, and the weak, declamatory language with which he is here credited does it injustice. His death in the closing scene is not told without pathos; but this would have been heightened by substituting a few simple sentences, such as Shelley has put into the mouth of Beatrice Cenci, for a jerky succession of broken phrases which remind one painfully of Verdi's spasmodic music in the *finale* of "*La Traviata*."

"Isaac Commenus," which is, we believe, one of its author's earliest works, though third in their present order, is open to the same charge as the second part of "Philip van Artevelde" of over-subtlety in the delineation of its leading personage. As a picture of the time in which the story is laid, it is upon the whole successful. Some of the scenes, however, *e.g.* that in the churchyard (act iii., scene 3), have the effect of being designed *pro re natâ* instead of arising naturally out of the necessities of the plot. Others are superfluous, such as the scenes between the eunuch and the exorcist (act ii., scene 4), and Alexius and the soldier (act iii., scene 2); the last being moreover obviously imitated from a memorable episode in "Henry the Fifth." The character of Isaac is throughout impressive, but its interest is impaired both by the inadequacy of the motives and by the modern tone of the sentiments attributed to him. The brave and generous soldier of whom we read in Gibbon's forty-eighth chapter, though an uncommon, is an intelligible figure. In the revolt to which the Commenian brothers were impelled by the suspicion and hostility of their ungrateful master, the emperor Nicephorus Botaniates, Alexius the younger is recorded to have taken a leading, not, as the dramatist represents, a strictly subordinate part. His successful generalship of the motley army that rallied to their standard seems to have impressed a conviction of his superior abilities upon the mind of Isaac, who had the frankness to admit what he had had the good sense to discern. Like an illustrious French marshal under analogous circumstances, he voluntarily waived his right of precedence, and "was the first to invest his younger brother with the names and ensigns of royalty," while yet without the gates of Constantinople, before the treachery of some of its guards and the surprise of others had brought the throne within reach. The protagonist of Sir Henry Taylor's drama neither answers to this description nor acts in the same fashion. With a heart seared to personal happiness by the loss of a beloved mistress, and a mind disdainful of conventional titles to distinction, he is so keenly alive to the claims of brotherly affection as to sacrifice not only his allegiance and rank, but stake life and all its remaining attractions on the chance of winning the throne for Alexius. It is with no other visible object that he plans and conducts to a triumphant issue the revolt against Nicephorus; defies the

Church whose terrors have been armed against him; rejects the emperor's daughter, Theodora, who proffers him her love; and wounds the susceptibility of his cousin Anna, whose unavowed love is not less apparent, by soliciting her hand for his brother. Alexius, meantime, though employed as a military instrument, knows nothing of the dignities intended for him, and gives orders to his troops, after the city has been taken, to proclaim "the emperor Isaac" through its streets. It is not until the people have mustered before the palace to witness the coronation, that the elder brother announces his concealed resolve and fixes the crown upon the younger's head. Having effected this purpose to his satisfaction, and only disappointed by Anna's refusal to share the rank of Alexius, he so far awakes to self-regard as to propose that she should share obscurity with himself. His weary tone of acquiescence in her sanguine expectation of happiness foreshadows the doom which awaits him from the vengeance of Theodora, who immediately afterwards stabs him to the heart. A hero of such an exceptional stamp of magnanimity, so anomalously compounded of sentiment and cynicism, was doubtless drawn from the "inner consciousness" rather than from living models.

Of the other male characters, Alexius is almost a nonentity, and does nothing to justify his brother's choice; Nicephorus and the patriarch, however, are skilfully painted; both studies of old age in its least venerable aspects of crafty suspicion and impotent passion. Of the female personages, Theodora is a somewhat stilted queen of tragedy, and Anna's unobtrusive gentleness recalls the features of the Flemish Adriana. The most striking portrait is that of Eudocia, sister of the Comneni, a survival to the decadence of the empire of that heroic type of womanhood which Lucretia, Cornelia, and Arria had transmitted from ancient Rome.

"The Virgin Widow" is the play already referred to as Sir Henry Taylor's solitary attempt to reproduce an Elizabethan pattern with over-fidelity. Had he selected tragedy for the experiment, it might have been accomplished more successfully; but to revive "the romantic and poetic comedy," which he justly describes as so "bright and abundant" in "the pleasantries of wisdom," demanded a more delicate sense of humor and a lighter touch of grace than he can be admitted to possess. The gallant spend-

thrift Silisco, the virtuous and misconstrued Ruggiero, the licentious but generous king, the rascally Jewish money-lenders, the perjured assassin Spadone and his victim, the minstrel-girl Aretina, with her hopeless passion for the count, who loves her singing, are more or less conventional copies. Rosalba and Fiondeliza are companion portraits of the kinds which Sir Henry is fondest of contrasting—the one pensive and confiding, the other sprightly and capricious. In one fortunate instance he has travelled out of the beaten track. Count Ugo, the aged husband of Rosalba, setting forth on pilgrimage under the stress of an honorable remorse at discovering that she has been forced to become his wife while pledged to another, is an heroic figure who throws all the rest into the shade. Much of the dialogue is labored and undramatic. Some lines have the effect of being fragments from a didactic poem converted to unforeseen use. Ruggiero's comment upon the old count's farewell speech is an instance:—

Till now I knew not he had utterance,
But generous sorrows and high purposes
Make the dumb speak. Ye orators, note that,
That in the workshop of your head weave words.

There are nevertheless many graceful passages of sentiment and fancy, and the moralizing vein which never fails the writer is occasionally worked to good result. It is favorably illustrated in such lines as

The fairest flower that e'er was born of earth
Were better cropp'd than canker'd;

In this mortal journeying wasted shade
Is worse than wasted sunshine.

The latest of these plays, "St. Clement's Eve," ranks, we think, as an historical fiction, on a level with "Philip van Artevelde," if not above it. The helpless distress to which France was reduced during the chronic mental alienation of Charles the Sixth, when the two chief princes of the blood, the Dukes of Orleans and Burgundy, disputed the reins of government, is portrayed with real power. The allegorical vision in which Robert the hermit depicts the nation's misery before the royal council, and denounces the authors of it to shame, is framed on the noble model of Hebrew prophecy. The tenacious hold of superstition upon the mind of the fifteenth century is vividly illustrated in the scene wherein the sacred tears of Mary Magdalene are invoked for

the king's recovery. Of the characters of the drama two or three differ from any types that Sir Henry has elsewhere delineated. The young Duke of Orleans with his dissolute habits and chivalrous impulses, capable of being inspired by a pure passion and of making a resolute effort to repress his baser nature, is the most striking and lifelike figure. Iolande, the object of his passion, with her struggle between the claims of human emotion and spiritual enthusiasm, is a heroine worthy of Scott. The scenes in which she battles with her love for Orleans after he has told her that he is married, are very delicately handled. The self-delusion with which she strives to quench it in the ardors of devotional ecstasy, and her humiliation at recognizing the failure of her attempt to heal the king's disorder by the application of the sacred tears, as the judicial penalty of her weakness, are pathetically true to human nature under the despotic conditions of an unnatural creed. If the truthfulness of her portrait be open to any exception, it is that no touches in the earlier scenes, wherein she appears as the pensive contrast of her lively companion Flos, prepare us for the eventual development of her disposition, but the suddenness of the emergency may sufficiently justify this. The character of Flos, which may be taken at first sight for one of Sir Henry's favorite studies of bright and sportive girlhood, undergoes a similarly abrupt transformation under the stimulus of wounded pride. Her revulsion from love to hate when her trusted knight proves false is thus happily symbolized by a bystander:—

There is no haunt the viper more affects
Than the forsaken bird's nest.

Burgundy, with his treacherous instincts and proclivity to ignoble passion, forms a marked contrast to his rival. Montargis is a villain of the Occo stamp, but differentiated by the Iago-like craft with which he contrives to inflame his master's mind to the desired temperature of crime. The action is less spasmodic, and moves more swiftly to the goal, than in most of the author's plays; and this is the only one of the number to the effective representation of which upon the stage there seems no valid objection.

If Sir Henry Taylor's verse offers few special attractions of melody or style it is chargeable with few faults. Of all that he has written, we can select but two or three lines by which the ears of readers accustomed to Mr. Tennyson's music are

likely to be haunted. The description (in "Isaac Commenus") of a farewell as

The dying cadence of a broken chord,
may deserve to live. Another line in the same play—

What dream hath moulded that pathetic
mouth?—

has the charm of skilfully varied alliteration. The words of Orleans to Iolande in "St. Clement's Eve"—

I ask no more, no more, oh, nothing more;
Not for one tone of that too tender voice,
Not for one touch of that transparent hand—

only lack this to be equally melodious. It is difficult to understand how a poet, whose instinct has guided him to the choice of these verbal harmonies, can have allowed such a grating collocation of consonants as "from clenched'st fingers wrings" to pass uncorrected through successive editions. But if peculiar sweetness is rare with him, extreme harshness is still rarer. Here and there some untunable line or phrase may jar upon an acute sense; but where the level of versification is so smooth the introduction of a few discords is defensible to prevent monotony.

His gravest fault of style is a tendency to pedantry, which is seen at its worst in "Isaac Commenus." On the other hand, he is seldom, if ever, obscure; and though a failure in the fire of thought or emotion sometimes leaves him tame, he never conceals the deficiency by a cloudy smoke of words.

His lyrical gift is not remarkable. Two or three of the ballads interspersed amid the plays, particularly "The Lion of Flanders" in "Philip van Artevelde" and Thorbioga's battle-chant in "Edwin the Fair" ("By Wellesburne and Charleccote ford"), have considerable spirit, but the songs have little spontaneity. The interlude between the two parts of "Philip van Artevelde" is described in the preface of 1834 (here substantially reprinted) as a concession to the prevalent taste for the sentimental and fantastic poetry of Byron and Shelley, upon the pretensions of which to the foremost artistic rank the writer passes a severe judgment, although consenting to "cultivate and employ it" as an occasional pastime. We doubt if any one, who had not the preface before him, would have discovered this concession from the interlude itself. Its mild, not to say insipid, flavor of romance a little reminds us of Scott, but not at his strongest, and of Byron only at his weak-

est. Of resemblance to Shelley it would strain the keenest critical microscope to detect a trace. The miscellaneous poems collected in the third volume bear, on the other hand, obvious marks of the influence of Wordsworth, whose personal acquaintance Sir Henry had the privilege to make, and who almost appears to realize his ideal of poetic perfection. Of the characteristic attributes which constitute the master's title to universal veneration, his deep insight into nature, and his intense human sympathy, the pupil offers a pale but genuine reflection. The poems written on visiting the lakes of Varese and Lugano, and the address to the Lynnburn, exhibit this most fully. In the latter he has closely followed his model by selecting a favorite object of memory as a centre for fancy to encircle. The stanzas on St. Helen's, Auckland, carry imitation to the extreme limit of adopting almost the identical language of a well-known piece in the "Poems of Sentiment and Reflection." * The triteness of the theme, however, is redeemed by the happy expression, and the lyric is unquestionably seen at his best in the following verses.

The sounds that round about me rise
Are what none other hears;
I see what meets no other eyes,
Though mine are dim with tears.

The breaking of the summer's morn—
The tinge on house and tree—
The billowy clouds—the beauty born
Of that celestial sea,

The freshness of the faëry land
Lit by the golden gleam. . . .
It is my youth that where I stand
Comes back as in a dream.

Alas! the real never lent
Those tints too bright to last;
They fade and bid me rest content,
And let the past be past. . . .

In every change of man's estate
Are lights and guides allow'd;
The fiery pillar will not wait,
But, parting, sends the cloud.

Nor mourn I the less manly part
Of life to leave behind;
My loss is but the lighter heart,
My gain the graver mind.

It must be added that Sir Henry reproduces also, in a modified form, what Wordsworth's warmest admirers must concede to be the lowest elements, not to say the drawbacks, of his power, viz.,

* "My eyes are dim," etc. — *The Fountain*.

undue egotism and didactic tediousness, together with the conservative and ecclesiastical instincts which tended to narrow his sympathies. The poems already named, and one or two others in the collection, will furnish evidence of this to any one who cares to seek for it. But it would be ungenerous to dwell upon blemishes which, if partly resulting from congenital defects, may be mainly traced to the too faithful study of a venerated exemplar.

The two volumes of prose works which complete the present edition display the same gifts of practical imagination, discrimination of character, and knowledge of the world which constitute the chief value of the poetry. The "Notes from Life" and "The Statesman" are the precipitate of an active mind which has undergone a long and quiet process of interfusion under favorable conditions. If the "Notes" (which are in effect essays) cannot be said to possess any distinctive intellectual quality, the writer's sound judgment, scholarly culture, and moral refinement lift them wholly out of the ordinary category of didactic treatises to which their old-fashioned sententious form gives them a superficial resemblance. "The Statesman," which might be less ambitiously entitled "The Civilian," embodies the results of a life's experience in the public service, but, though addressed more particularly to those who move within that limited sphere of duty, may be read with advantage by hundreds outside it. Sir Henry's prose style is obviously modelled upon that of the seventeenth-century classics, and alternately reminds us of Lord Bacon's pith and Milton's stateliness. A good memory enables him to diversify his serious observations very pleasantly with humorous anecdotes and apposite quotations. His egotism is too frank to be disagreeable, and the *naïveté* with which he appeals to his own dramas, when in want of an authoritative illustration, puts to shame the timidity of such writers as resort for that purpose to a fictitious manufacture of "old plays."

It would be doing injustice to his critical acumen to regard his preface to "Philip van Artevelde" as a complete poetical *credo* and a deliberate verdict upon two leading poets of our century. Viewed as the work of his youth, its crudity and onesidedness are intelligible enough, and the only matter for surprise is that he should have seen fit to reprint it. His judgment upon Byron is true so

far as it goes, but the truth is only half told when the claims of the poet's passion, wit, and picturesqueness are so grudgingly recognized. A constitutional want of sympathy manifestly precludes Sir Henry from apprehending the nature of such a poet as Shelley, the view of whose qualifications here put forward is almost ludicrously inadequate. To estimate the larger scope of the critic's matured vision, this juvenile production should be compared with the chapter on "The Life Poetic" in "Notes from Life," and the reviews of Wordsworth and Mr. Aubrey de Vere in the fifth volume. He is rarely to be seen at more advantage than when interpreting the poetic philosophy of the one and analyzing the devout and graceful spirit of the other. Two or three disquisitions upon social subjects are appended. Stuart Mill's arguments for the political equalization of women have probably seldom received a more just and temperate consideration than in the last of these, which exhibits the writer's conservative attitude in its most favorable aspect.

HENRY G. HEWLETT.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
MY FAITHFUL JOHNNY.

CHAPTER I.

EVERYBODY knows the charming song which is called by this name. I hear it sometimes in a young household full of life and kindness and music, where it is sung to me, with a tender indulgence for my weakness and limited apprehension of higher efforts, by the most sympathetic and softest of voices. A kind half-smile mingles in the music on these occasions. Those dear people think I like it because the translated "words" have a semblance of being Scotch, and I am a Scot. But the words are not Scotch, nor is this their charm. I don't even know what they are. "I will come again, my sweet and bonnie." That, or indeed the name even, is enough for me. I confess that I am not musical. When I hear anything that I like much, at least from an instrument, I instantly conceive a contempt for it, feeling that it must be inferior somehow to have commended itself to me. I wander vainly seeking an idea through fields and plains of sonatas. So do a great many other lowly people, like me, not gifted with taste or (fit) hearing; but, if you will only suggest an idea to me, I will thankfully accept that clue. I don't understand

anything about dominant sevenths or any mathematical quantity. "How much?" I feel inclined to say with the most vulgar. Therefore "My faithful Johnny" charms me because this is a suggestion of which my fancy is capable. I don't know who the faithful Johnny was, except that he is to come again, and that somebody, presumably, is looking for him; and, with this guide, the song takes a hundred tones, sorrowful, wistful and penetrating. I see the patient waiting, the doubt which is faith, the long vigil — and hear the soft cadence of sighs, and with them, through the distance, the far-off notes of the promise — never realized, always expected — "I will come again." This is how I like to have my music. I am an ignorant person. They smile and humor me with just a tender touch of the faintest, kindest contempt. Stay — not contempt; the word is far too harsh; let us say indulgence — the meaning is very much the same.

I do not think I had ever heard the song when I first became acquainted with the appearance of a man with whom, later, this title became completely identified. He was young — under thirty — when I saw him first, passing my house every morning as regular as the clock on his way to his work, and coming home in the evening swinging his cane, with a book under his arm, his coat just a little rusty, his trousers clinging to his knees more closely than well-bred trousers cling, his hat pushed back a little from his forehead. It was unnecessary to ask what he was. He was a clerk in an office. This may be anything, the reader knows, from a lofty functionary managing public business, to numberless nobodies who toil in dusty offices and are in no way better than their fate. It was to this order that my clerk belonged. Every day of his life, except that blessed Sunday which sets such toilers free, he walked along the irregular pavement of the long suburban road at nine o'clock in the morning were it wet or dry; and between five and six he would come back. After all, though it was monotonous it was not a hard life, for he had the leisure of the whole long evening to make up for the bondage of the day. He was a pale man with light hair, and a face more worn than either his years or his labors warranted. But his air of physical weakness must have been due to his colorless complexion, or some other superficial cause, for his extreme and unbroken regularity was inconsistent with anything less than thoroughly good health.

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He carried his head slightly thrown back, and his step had a kind of irregularity in it which made it familiar to me among many others; at each half-dozen steps or so his foot would drag upon the pavement, giving a kind of rhythm to his progress. All these particulars I became aware of, not suddenly, but by dint of long unconscious observation, day after day, day after day, for so many years. Never was there a clerk more respectable, more regular. I found out after a while that he lodged about half a mile further on in one of the little houses into which the road dwindled as it streamed out towards the chaos which on all sides surrounds London, — and that when he passed my house he was on his way to or from the omnibus which started from a much-frequented corner about a quarter of a mile nearer town. All the far-off ends of the ways that lead into town and its bustle have interests of this kind. I am one of the people, I fear somewhat vulgar-minded, who love my window and to see people pass. I do not care for the dignity of seclusion. I would rather not, unless I were sure of being always a happy member of a large, cheerful household, be divided from the common earth even by the trees and glades of the most beautiful park. I like to see the men go to their work, and the women to their marketing. But no; the latter occupation is out of date — the women go to their work too; slim young daily governesses, hard-worked music-mistresses, with the invariable roll of music. How soon one gets to know them all, and have a glimmering perception of their individualities — though you may see them every day for years before you know their names!

After I had been acquainted (at a distance) with him for some time, and had got to know exactly what o'clock it was when he passed, a change came upon my clerk. One summer evening I saw him very much smartened up, his coat brushed, a pair of trousers on with which I was not familiar, and a rosebud in his button-hole, *coming back*. I was thunderstruck. It was a step so contrary to all traditions that my heart stopped beating while I looked at him. It was all I could do not to run down and ask what was the matter. Had something gone wrong in the City? Was there a panic, or a crisis, or something in the money market? But no; that could not be. The spruceness of the man, his rose in his coat, contradicted this alarm; and as I watched disquieted, lo! he crossed the road before my eyes, and

turning down Pleasant Place, which was opposite, disappeared, as I could faintly perceive in the distance, into one of the houses. This was the first of a long series of visits. And after a while I saw *her*, the object of these visits, the heroine of the romance. She also was one of those with whom I had made acquaintance at my window — a trim little figure in black, with a roll of music, going out and in two or three times a day, giving music lessons. I was quite glad to think that she had been one of my favorites too. My clerk went modestly at long intervals at first, then began to come oftener, and finally settled down as a nightly visitor. But this was a long and slow process, and I think it had lasted for years before I came into actual contact with the personages of this tranquil drama. It was only during the summer that I could see them from my window and observe what was going on. When at the end of a long winter I first became aware that he went to see her every evening, I confess to feeling a little excitement at the idea of a marriage shortly to follow; but that was altogether premature. It went on summer after summer, winter after winter, disappearing by intervals from my eyes, coming fresh with the spring flowers and the long evenings. Once passing down Pleasant Place towards some scorched fields that lay beyond — fields that began to be invaded by new houses and cut up by foundation-digging, and roadmaking, and bricklaying, but where there was still room for the boys, and my boys, among others, to play cricket — I had a glimpse of a little interior which quickened my interest more and more. The houses in Pleasant Place were small and rather shabby, standing on one side only of the street. The other was formed by the high brick wall of the garden of a big, old-fashioned house, still standing amid all the new invasions which had gradually changed the character of the district. There were trees visible over the top of this wall, and it was believed in the neighborhood that the upper windows of the houses in Pleasant Place looked over it into the garden. In fact, I had myself not long before condoled with the proprietor of the said garden upon the inconvenience of being thus overlooked. For this hypocrisy my heart smote me when I went along the little street, and saw the little houses all gasping with open windows for a breath of the air which the high wall intercepted. They had little front gardens scorched

with the fervid heat. At the open window of No. 7 sat my clerk, with his colorless head standing out against the dark unknown of the room. His face was in profile. It was turned towards some one who was singing softly the song of which I have placed the name at the head of this story. The soft, pensive music came tender and low out of the unseen room. The musician evidently needed no light, for it was almost twilight, and the room was dark. The accompaniment was played in the truest taste, soft as the summer air that carried the sound to our ears. "I know!" I cried to my companion with some excitement, "that is what he is. I have always felt that was the name for him." "The name for whom?" she asked, bewildered. "My faithful Johnny," I replied; which filled her with greater bewilderment still.

And all that summer long the faithful Johnny went and came as usual. Often he and she would take little walks in the evening, always at that same twilight hour. It seemed the moment of leisure, as if she had duties at home from which she was free just then. When we went away in August they were taking their modest little promenades together in the cool of the evening; and when we came back in October, as long as the daylight served to see them by, the same thing went on. As the days shortened he changed his habits so far as to go to Pleasant Place at once before going home, that there might still be light enough (I felt sure) for her walk. But by-and-by the advancing winter shut out this possibility; or rather I could not see any longer what happened about six o'clock. One evening, however, coming home to dinner from a late visit, I met them suddenly walking along the lighted street. For the first time they were arm-in-arm, perhaps because it was night, though no later than usual. She was talking to him with a certain familiar ease of use and wont as if they had been married for years, smiling and chattering and lighting up his mild, somewhat weary, countenance with responsive smiles. "I will come again, my sweet and bonnie —." I smiled at myself, as these words came into my head, I could not tell why. How could he come again when, it was evident, no will of his would ever take him away? Was she fair enough to be the "sweet and bonnie" of a man's heart? She was not a beauty; nobody would have distinguished her even as the prettiest girl in Pleasant Place. But her soft,

bright face as she looked up to him; a smile on it of the sunniest kind; a little humorous twist about the corners of the mouth; a pair of clear, honest brown eyes; a round cheek with a dimple in it — caught my heart at once as they must have caught his. I could understand (I thought) what it must have been to the dry existence of the respectable clerk, the old-young and prematurely faded, to have this fresh spring of life, and talk, and smiles, and song welling up into it, transforming everything. He smiled back upon her as they walked along in the intermittent light of the shop windows. I could almost believe that I saw his lips forming the words as he looked at her, "My sweet and bonnie." Yes; she was good enough and fair enough to merit the description. "But I wish they would marry," I said to myself. Why did not they marry? He looked patient enough for anything; but even patience ought to come to an end. I chafed at the delay, though I had nothing to do with it. What was the meaning of it? I felt that it ought to come to an end.

CHAPTER II.

It was some months after this, when I took the bold step of making acquaintance on my own account with this pair; not exactly with the pair, but with the one who was most accessible. It happened that a sudden need for music lessons arose in the family. One of the children, who had hitherto regarded that study with repugnance, and who had been accordingly left out in all the musical arrangements of her brothers and sisters, suddenly turned round by some freak of nature, and demanded the instruction which she had previously resisted. How could we expect Fräulein Stimme, whose ministrations she had scorned, to descend to the beggarly elements, and take up again one who was so far behind the others? "I cannot ask her," I said; "you may do it yourself, Chatty, if you are so much in earnest, but I cannot take it upon me;" and it was not until Chatty had declared with tears that to approach Fräulein Stimme on her own account was impossible, that a brilliant idea struck me. "Ten o'clock!" I cried; which was an exclamation which would have gone far to prove me out of my senses had any severe critic been listening. This was the title which had been given to the little music mistress in Pleasant Place, before she had become associated in our minds

with the faithful clerk. And I confess that, without waiting to think, without more ado, I ran to get my hat, and was out of doors in a moment. It was very desirable, no doubt, that Chatty should make up lost ground and begin her lessons at once, but that was not my sole motive. When I found myself out of doors in a damp and foggy November morning, crossing the muddy road in the first impulse of eagerness, it suddenly dawned upon me that there were several obstacles in my way. In the first place I did not even know her name. I knew the house, having seen her, and especially him, enter it so often; but what to call her, who to ask for, I did not know. She might, I reflected, be only a lodger, not living with her parents, which up to this time I had taken for granted; or she might be too accomplished in her profession to teach Chatty the rudiments—a thing which, when I reflected upon the song I had heard, and other scraps of music which had dropped upon my ears in passing, seemed very likely. However, I was launched, and could not go back. I felt very small, humble, and blamably impulsive, however, when I had knocked at the door of No. 7, and stood somewhat alarmed waiting a reply. The door was opened by a small maidservant, with a very long dress and her apron folded over one arm, who stared, yet evidently recognized me, not without respect, as belonging to one of the great houses in the road. This is a kind of aristocratical position in the suburbs. One is raised to a kind of personage by all the denizens of the little streets and terraces. She made me a clumsy little curtsy, and grinned amicably. And I was encouraged by the little maid. She was about fifteen, rather grimy, in a gown much too long for her; but yet her foot was upon her native heath, and I was an intruder. She knew all about the family, no doubt, and who they were, and the name of my clerk, and the relations in which he stood to her young mistress, while I was only a stranger feebly guessing, and impertinently spying upon all these things.

"Is the young lady at home?" I asked, with much humility.

The girl stared at me with wide-open eyes; then she said with a broad smile, "You mean Miss Ellen, don't ye, miss?" In these regions it is supposed complimentary to say "miss," as creating a pleasant fiction of perpetual youth.

"To tell the truth," I said, with a consciousness of doing my best to conciliate

this creature, "I don't know her name. It was about some music lessons."

"Miss Ellen isn't in," said the girl, "but missus is sure to see you if you will step into the parlor, miss;" and she opened to me the door of the room in which I had seen my faithful Johnny at the window, and heard her singing to him, in the twilight, her soft song. It was a commonplace little parlor, with a faded carpet and those appalling mahogany and haircloth chairs which no decorative genius, however brilliant, could make anything of. What so easy as to say that good taste and care can make any house pretty? This little room was very neat, and I don't doubt that Miss Ellen's faithful lover found a little paradise in it; but it made my heart foolishly sink to see how commonplace it all was; a greenish-whitish woollen cover on the table, a few old photographic albums, terrible anti-macassars in crochet-work upon the backs of the chairs. I sat down and contemplated the little mirror on the mantelpiece and the cheap little vases with dismay. We are all prejudiced nowadays on this question of furniture. My poor little music-mistress! how was she to change the chairs and tables she had been born to? But, to tell the truth, I wavered and doubted whether she was worthy of him when I looked round upon all the anti-macassars, and the dried grasses in the green vase.

While I was struggling against this first impression the door opened, and the mistress of the house came in. She was a little woman, stout and roundabout, with a black cap decorated with flowers, but a fresh little cheerful face under this tremendous headdress which neutralized it. She came up to me with a smile and would have shaken hands, had I been at all prepared for such a warmth of salutation, and then she began to apologize for keeping me waiting. "When my daughter is out I have to do all the waiting upon him myself. He doesn't like to be left alone, and he can't bear anybody but me or Ellen in the room with him," she said. Perhaps she had explained beforehand who *he* was, but in the confusion of the first greeting I had not made it out. Then I stated my business, and she brightened up still more.

"Oh, yes; I am sure Ellen will undertake it with great pleasure. In the road, at No. 16? Oh, it is no distance; it will be no trouble; and she is so glad to extend her connection. With private teaching it is such a great matter to extend

your connection. It is very kind of you to have taken the trouble to come yourself. Perhaps one of Ellen's ladies, who are all so kind to her, mentioned our name?"

"That is just where I am at a loss," I said uneasily. "No; but I have seen her passing all these years, always so punctual, with her bright face. She has been a great favorite of mine for a long time, though I don't know her name."

The mother's countenance brightened after a moment's doubt. "Yes," she said, "she is a good girl — always a bright face. She is the life of the house."

"And I have seen," said I, hesitating more and more, "a gentleman. I presume there is to be a marriage by-and-by. You must pardon my curiosity, I have taken so much interest in them."

A good many changes passed over the mother's face. Evidently she was not at all sure about my curiosity, whether perhaps it might not be impertinent.

"Ah!" she said, with a little nod, "you have remarked John. Yes, of course, it was sure to be remarked, so constantly as he comes. I need not make any secret of it. In one way I would rather he did not come so often; but it is a pleasure to Ellen. Yes; I may say they are engaged —"

Engaged? After all these years! But I remembered that I had no right, being an intruder, to say anything. "I have seen them in the summer evenings —"

"Yes, yes," she said; "yes," with again a nod of her head. "Perhaps it was imprudent, for you never can tell whether these things will come to anything; but it was her only time for a little pleasure. Poor child, I always see that she gets that hour. They go out still, though you would not say it would do her much good, in the dark; but there is nothing she enjoys so much. She is the best girl that ever was. I don't know what I should do without her;" and there was a glimmer of moisture in the mother's eyes.

"But," I said, "surely after a while they are going to be married?"

"I don't know. I don't see how her father can spare her." The cheerful face lost all its brightness as she spoke, and she shook her head. "He is so fond of Ellen, the only girl we have left now; he can't bear her out of his sight. She is such a good girl, and so devoted." The mother faltered a little — perhaps my question made her think — at all events, it was apparent that everything was not so simple and straightforward for the

young pair as I in my ignorance had thought.

But I had no excuse to say any more. It was no business of mine, as people say. I settled that Ellen was to come at a certain hour next day, which was all that remained to be done. When I glanced round the room again as I left, it had changed its aspect to me, and looked like a prison. Was the poor girl bound there, and unable to get free? As the mother opened the door for me, the sound of an imperious voice calling her came downstairs. She called back, "I am coming, James, I am coming;" then let me out hurriedly. And I went home feeling as if I had torn the covering from a mystery, and as if the house in Pleasant Place, so tranquil, so commonplace, was the scene of some tragic story, to end one could not tell how. But there was no mystery at all about it. When "Miss Harwood" was announced to me next day, I was quite startled by the name, not associating it with any one; but the moment the little music-mistress appeared, with her little roll in her hand, her trim figure, her smiling face, and fresh look of health and happiness, my suspicions disappeared like the groundless fancies they were. She was delighted to have a new pupil, and one so near, whom it would be "no trouble" to attend; and so pleased when I (with much timidity, I confess) ventured to tell her how long I had known her, and how I had watched for her at my window, and all the observations I had made. She brightened, and laughed, and blushed, and declared it was very kind of me to take such an interest; then hung her head for a moment, and laughed and blushed still more, when my confessions went the length of the faithful lover. But this was nothing but a becoming girlish shyness, for next minute she looked me frankly in the face, with the prettiest color dyeing her round cheek. "I think he knows you too," she said. "We met you once out walking, and he told me, 'There is the lady who lives in the road, whom I always see at the window.' We hoped you were better to see you out." And then it was my turn to feel gratified, which I did unfeignedly. I had gone through a great deal of trouble, cheered by my spectatorship of life out-of-doors from that window. And I was pleased that they had taken some friendly notice of me too.

"And I suppose," I said, returning to my theme, "that it will not be long now before you reward his faithfulness. Must

Chatty leave you then? or will you go on, do you think, taking pupils after —"

She gave me a little bewildered look. "I don't think I know what you mean."

"After you are married," I said plumpily. "That must be coming soon now."

Then she burst out with a genial pretty laugh, blushing and shaking her head. "Oh, no; we do not think of such a thing! Not yet. They couldn't spare me at home. John — I mean Mr. Ridgeway — knows that. My father has been ill so long; he wants attendance night and day, and I don't know what mother would do without me. Oh dear, no; we are very happy as we are. We don't even think of that."

"But you must think of it some time, surely, in justice to him," I said, half indignant for my faithful Johnny's sake.

"Yes, I suppose so, some time," she said with a momentary gravity stealing over her face — gravity and perplexity too: and a little pucker came into her forehead. How to do it? A doubt, a question, seemed to enter her mind for a moment. Then she gave her head a shake, dismissing the clouds from her cheerful firmament, and with a smiling decision set down Chatty to the piano. Chatty had fallen in love with Miss Harwood, her own particular music-mistress in whom no one else had any share, on the spot.

And after a while we all fell in love, one after another, with Miss Ellen. She was one of those cheerful people who never make a fuss about anything, never are put out, or make small troubles into great ones. We tried her in every way, as is not unusual with a large, somewhat careless family, in whose minds it was a settled principle that, so long as you did a thing some time or other, it did not at all matter when you did it — and that times and seasons were of no particular importance to any one but *Fräulein Stimme*. *She*, of course — our natural disorderliness had to give way to her; but I am afraid it very soon came to be said in the house, "Ellen will not mind." And Ellen did not mind; if twelve o'clock proved inconvenient for the lesson, she only smiled and said, "It is no matter; I will come in at three." And if at three *Fräulein Stimme's* clutches upon Chatty were still unclosed, she would do anything that happened to be needed — gather the little ones round the piano and teach them songs, or go out with my eldest daughter for her walk, or talk to me. How many talks we had upon every

subject imaginable! Ellen was not what is called clever. She had read very few books. My eldest daughter aforesaid despised her somewhat on this account, and spoke condescendingly of this or that as "what Ellen says." But it was astonishing, after all, how often "what Ellen says" was quoted. There were many things which Ellen had not thought anything about, and on these points she was quite ignorant; for she had not read what other people had thought about them, and was unprepared with an opinion: but whenever the subject had touched her own intelligence, she knew very well what she thought. And by dint of being a little lower down in the social order than we were, she knew familiarly a great many things which we knew only theoretically and did not understand. For instance, that fine shade of difference which separates people with a hundred and fifty pounds a year from people with weekly wages was a thing which had always altogether eluded me. I had divined that a workman with three pounds a week was well off, and a clerk with the same, paid quarterly, was poor; but wherein lay the difference, and how it was that the latter occupied a superior position to the former, I have never been able to fathom. Ellen belonged, herself, to this class. Her father had been in one of the lower departments of a public office, and had retired with a pension of exactly this amount after some thirty years' service. There was a time in his life, to which she regretfully yet proudly referred as "the time when we were well off," in which his salary had risen to two hundred and fifty pounds a year. That was the time when she got her education, and developed the taste for music which was now supplying her with work which she liked, and a little provision for herself. There was no scorn or *hauteur* in Ellen; but she talked of the working classes with as distinct a consciousness of being apart from and superior to them as if she had been a duchess. It was no virtue of hers; but still Providence had placed her on a different level, and she behaved herself accordingly. Servants and shopkeepers, of the minor kind at least, were within the same category to her — people to be perfectly civil to, and kind to, but, as a matter of course, not the kind of people whom in her position it would become her to associate with. When I asked myself why I should smile at this, or wherein it was more unreasonable than other traditions of social superiority, I could not give any

answer. We are not ourselves, so far as I know, sons of the Crusaders, and it is very difficult to say what is the social figment of rank by which we hold so dearly. Ellen Harwood exhibited to us the instinct of aristocracy on one of its lower levels; and one learned a lesson while one smiled in one's sleeve. Never was anything more certain, more serious, than her sense of class distinctions, and the difference between one degree and another; and nobody, not a prince of the blood, would have less understood being laughed at. This serene consciousness of her position and its inherent right divine was a possession inalienable to our music-mistress. She would have comprehended or endured no trifling or jesting with it. One blushed while one laughed in an undertone. She was holding the mirror up to nature without being aware of it. And there were various fanciful particulars also in her code. The people next door who let lodgings were beneath her as much as the working people — all to be very nicely behaved to, need I say, and treated with the greatest politeness and civility, but not as if they were on the level of "people like ourselves." Lady Clara Vere de Vere could not have been more serenely unconscious of any possible equality between herself and her village surroundings than Ellen Harwood. Fortunately, Mr. John Ridgway was "in our own position in life."

These and many other vagaries of human sentiment I learned to see through Ellen's eyes with more edification and amusement, and also with more confusion and abashed consciousness, than had ever occurred to me before. These were precisely my own sentiments, you know, towards the rich linendraper next door; and no doubt my aristocratical repugnance to acknowledge myself the neighbor of that worthy person would have seemed just as funny to the Duke of Bayswater as Ellen's pretensions did to me. It must not be supposed, however, that Ellen Harwood was in a state of chronic resistance to the claims of her humbler neighbors. She was an active, bright, cheerful creature, full of interest in everything. Her father had been ill for years; and she had grown accustomed to his illness, as young people do to anything they have been acquainted with all their lives, and was not alarmed by it, nor oppressed, so far as we could tell, by the constant claims made upon her. She allowed that now and then he was cross—"which of us would not be cross, shut up in one room

forever and ever?" But she had not the least fear that he would ever die, or that she would grow tired of taking care of him. All the rest of her time after her lessons she was in attendance upon him, excepting only that hour in the evening when John's visit was paid. She always looked forward to that, she confessed. "To think of it makes everything smooth. He is so good. Though I say it that shouldn't," she cried, laughing and blushing, "you can't think how nice he is. And he knows so much; before he knew us he had nothing to do but read all the evenings—fancy! And I never met any one who had read so much; he knows simply everything. Ah!" with a little sigh, "it makes such a difference to have him coming every night; it spirits one up for the whole day."

"But, Ellen, I can't think how it is that he doesn't get tired——"

"Tired!" She reddened up to her very hair. "Why should he get tired? If he is tired, he has my full permission to go when he likes," she said, throwing back her proud little head. "But nobody shall put such an idea into my mind. You don't know John. If you knew John that would be quite enough; such a thing would never come into your head."

"You should hear me out before you blame me. I was going to say, tired of waiting, which is a very different sentiment."

Ellen laughed, and threw aside her little offence in a moment. "I thought you could not mean that. Tired of waiting! But he has not waited so very long. We have not been years and years like some people—no; only eighteen months since it was all settled. We are not rich people like you, to do a thing the moment we have begun to think about it; and everything so dear!" she cried, half merry, half serious. "Oh, no; he is not the least tired. What could we want more than to be together in the evening? All the day goes pleasantly for thinking of it," she said, with a pretty blush. "And my mother always manages to let me have that hour. She does not mind how tired she is. We are as happy as the day is long," Ellen said.

I have always heard that a long engagement is the most miserable and wearing thing in the world. I have never believed it, it is true; but that does not matter. Here, however, was a witness against the popular belief. Ellen was not the victim of a long engagement, nor of a peevish invalid, though her days were spent in

tendance upon one, and her youth gliding away in the long patience of the other. She was as merry and bright as if she were having everything her own way in life; and so I believe she really thought she was, with a mother so kind as, always, however tired she might be, to insist upon securing that evening hour for her, and a John who was better than any other John had ever been before him. The faithful Johnny! I wondered sometimes on his side what he thought.

From Fraser's Magazine.

A RELIGIOUS POEM OF THE NINTH CENTURY.

THE old Saxon poem on the life of Christ, "Heliand," is a fragment of their ancient literature in which Germans feel much pride. Scholars who read it in the original language, as well as those who know it only through modern versions, agree in describing it as one of the chief glories of the old literature of Germany. National feeling has something to do with this estimate of the "Heliand." The Saxon poet wrote the life of Christ in the form of a German epic, and his countrymen feel partial to a writer who thus early asserted the literary independence of Germany, and did not follow Roman or ecclesiastical models, even in the treatment of an ecclesiastical subject. But the "Heliand" has intrinsic merits which make it deserving of the attention of all students of literature. It is an example of a really successful religious poem—full of quaint beauties of expression which are heightened by the archaic form, and animated throughout by a tender and reverent religious spirit. Its historical interest is, however, even greater than its literary, and can be appreciated even by those who have not made a special study of German literature. It is an authentic glimpse of the religious faith of north Germany at a period of which we know little from other sources, but which is of a great importance, for it was the period during which the foundations were laid for the great system of mediæval Christendom.

According to the most probable conjecture, the "Heliand" was written in the reign of Lewis the Pious, the son of Charles the Great. Tradition adds that it was written at the request of that monarch, who was devoted to the Church, and took no pleasure in the national songs of

Germany, which were so loved by his father Charles, zealous churchman as the latter was. The writer is said to have been a Saxon peasant, and a Saxon he certainly was—probably a dweller in the Münsterland. It is a striking illustration of the irony of history that the first poem in the German tongue on a Christian subject was the work of a Saxon. Of all the peoples against whom Charles the Great warred, the Saxons showed themselves most resolutely opposed to his rule, and to Christianity. But the emperor succeeded in subduing them, and he compelled them to embrace Christianity. The soldier accompanied the baptizing priest, and death or baptism was the alternative offered to the vanquished people. Most of the clergy approved of the procedure of Charles, on whom they bestowed the title of "Apostle by the Sword," for these services to the faith. But the approval was not unanimous. Alcuin counselled his "sweetest David" to show more gentleness to the "misdoing people," as he termed the Saxons, and on one occasion he even wrote to him that conversions effected by force were without value.

Charles subsequently endeavored to win the people by other means. He erected bishoprics in various parts of the land, and sent clergy among the people to instruct them. If the clergy found the people sullen and deeply prejudiced against the Christian religion, the blame lay less with them than with the brutal and unchristian policy which, uniting missionary and warlike enterprise in an unholy union, had made Christian baptism the sign of the defeat and dishonor of a brave people.

Perhaps it was because the Saxons were found to be specially prejudiced against the ordinary sermons of ecclesiastics that a new method was made use of to teach them Christianity. At all events, we hear of it now for the first time. Like all the northern nations, the Saxons were passionately attached to their national songs. These songs, written in a simple alliterative measure, and dedicated to the praise of gods or heroes, were to be heard whenever the German people met together. In national assemblies, on the march, and in the camp, and especially on the eve of battles, these songs played a great and important part in rousing the enthusiasm of the warriors, although the Romans contemptuously compared them to the cries of wild animals. To give an example from the northern epic "Beowulf" in which we have a picture of northern life,

the king is there represented as building a grand hall, in which he and his thanes might feast together. And in describing the festival at which the king of the Danes received the Gothic strangers, the poet writes: "There was a bench cleared for the sons of the Goths to sit close together in the beer-hall; there the stout-hearted ones went and sat, exulting clamorously. A thane attended to their wants, who carried in his hands a chased ale-flagon, and poured the pure, bright liquor. A Scôp between whiles sang with clear voice in Heorot. There was the joy of warriors, a great gathering of noble knights, both Danes and Weders."*

The clergy were not favorable to the national songs, nor to the festive gatherings of the people. They considered that the songs had a tendency to keep alive heathenism, and the gatherings were so often occasions of riotous dissipation that we cannot wonder they did not like them. It is probably owing to the dislike which they had for the songs that we have lost the collection made by Charles the Great, for nothing of which they disapproved was likely to survive.

The "Heliand" is a proof that some adherents of the new faith, whether clergymen or laymen, did not content themselves with mere opposition to customs of which they disapproved, but endeavored to give the people something in their stead. Perceiving the advantage that would be gained were the histories and doctrines of the new faith wedded to the measures which the people loved, these missionaries — for they were so whether they bore the name or not — with a genial courage which argued well for the future of their cause, boldly told the story of the life of Christ to the Saxons, in the verse which had been formerly employed in singing the praises of Wustan and Tyr.

We speak of these singing missionaries in the plural, as it is not probable that so perfect a poem as the "Heliand" was a first attempt. The first attempts would be rude and simple, and perish as the earliest Gospels of Palestine perished. The "Heliand" has a unity which shows that it is the work of one writer — and a writer of real poetic gift — an inspired singer. Except the vague tradition already mentioned, we know nothing of his life, of how he was first led to become the epic poet of Christian Germany. But

there is an interesting parallel in the case of the Anglo-Saxon Caedmon — the story of whose "call" to the service of religious song is narrated by Bede. We quote the passage from the introduction to Mr. Thorpe's edition of Caedmon.

In this Abbess's Minster was a certain brother extraordinarily magnified and honored with a divine gift: for he was wont to make fitting songs which conduced to religion and piety; so that whatever he learned through clerks of the holy writings, that he, after a little space, would usually adorn with the greatest sweetness and feeling, and bring forth in the English tongue; and by his songs the minds of many men were often inflamed with contempt for the world, and with desire of heavenly life. . . . The man was placed in worldly life until the time that he was of mature age, and had never learned any poem; and he therefore often in convivial society, when for the sake of mirth it was resolved that they all in turn should sing to the harp, when he saw the harp approaching him, then for shame he would rise from the assembly and go home to his house.

When he so on a certain time did, that he left the house of the convivial meeting, and was gone out to the stall of the cattle, the care of which that night had been committed to him — when he there, at proper time, placed his limbs on the bed and slept, there stood some man by him, in a dream, and hailed and greeted him, and named him by his name, saying, "Caedmon, sing me something." When he answered and said, "I cannot sing anything, and therefore I went out from this convivial meeting, and retired hither, because I could not."

Again he who was speaking with him said, "Yet thou must sing to me." Said he, "What shall I sing?" Said he, "Sing me the origin of things." When he received this answer, then he began forthwith to sing, in praise of God the Creator, the verses and the words which he had never heard, the order of which is

Now we must praise

The Guardian of Heaven's Kingdom, etc.

Then he arose from sleep, and had fast in mind all that he sleeping had sung, and to those words forthwith joined many words of song worthy of God in the same measure.

When came he in the morning to the town-reeve, who was his superior, and said to him what gift he had received, and he forthwith led him to the Abbess, and told, and made that known to her. Then she bade all the most learned men and the learners to assemble, and in their presence bade him tell the dream, and sing the poem; that, by the judgment of them all, it might be determined why or whence that was come. Then it seemed to them all, so as it was, that to him, from the Lord Himself, a heavenly gift had been given. Then they expounded to him, and said: some holy history, and words of godly love; then bade

* Beowulf: a Heroic Poem of the Eighth Century. With translation by Thomas Arnold, M.A. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1876.

him, if he could, to sing some of them, and turn them into the melody of song. When he had undertaken the thing, then went he home to his house, and came again in the morning, and sang and gave to them, adorned with the best poetry, what had been bidden him.

Whether there were ecstatic experiences in the life of the anonymous author of the "Heliand" we cannot say. Like a true epic poet, he completely effaces himself in his poem, and speaks only of his divine hero. But there is one statement in the above extract which may serve to throw light upon a circumstance which has been considered mysterious. According to tradition the author of the "Heliand" was a "peasant"—a somewhat elastic term, but which excludes his being an ecclesiastic. Doubts have, in consequence, been cast upon the tradition, because there are some indications that the poet had made use of a Latin harmony of the Gospels then in use in the Church. But it is not indispensable to believe that he himself used the book. He might have derived his knowledge of its contents in the same way as Caedmon got his, "through the clerks of the holy writings."

In order to give an idea of the general character of the narrative portion of the "Heliand," we translate the story of the temptation. The simple prose version will, we think, convey the author's meaning better than could be done by an imitation of the alliterative measure of the original.

After the Baptism did the Good Lord, the son of the Ruler, betake himself to the wilderness. And there for a long time in the lonely place did the Lord of men remain. And the disciples, His companions, were not with Him. This was His own choice. He desired to allow Himself to be tempted by the strong Wight—by Satan himself, by whom men are always allured to sin and wickedness. The audacity of Satan was known to Him, and his perverse will, and how in the beginning he entrapped with sin and with lies led astray the first pair, Adam and Eve, so that thereafter did the children of the people—the spirits of men—go down to Hell on their departure from this world. This the Mighty God, the Ruler, desired to avert, and to give to the people the high kingdom of the heavens. Therefore sent he to earth the Holy Messenger, His Son. This was a great grief to Satan's heart. He envied the kingdom of heaven to men, and desired to seduce the Mighty One, the Son of the Lord, with the same temptations with which in old days he had spitefully deceived Adam, so that Adam became displeasing to his Lord, and laden with sins. And now he wished to do the

same with the Son of the Lord—the Healing Christ. But the Son of the Ruler had made His heart strong against the corruption. It was His will to gain for men the kingdom of heaven.

The Guardian, the Lord of men, remained for forty days fasting in the wilderness. So long as He did not touch food the wicked wight, the envious fiend, did not venture into his presence. For Satan fancied that the Mighty One, the Holy Guardian of the land, was God Himself, and not a being of human race. But when after forty days He began to hunger, and the manhood in Him desired food, the dark evil-doer drew nearer, for now he thought that He was only a man. And the arch-fiend addressed Him, saying, "Of all sons the Best, if Thou art the Son of God, wherefore dost Thou not give commandment for these stones to become bread? Heal Thy hunger!" Then spake to him the Holy Christ, and said, "The children of time must not live by bread alone, but by means of the teaching of God must they subsist in this world, and bring forth the works which are indicated by the holy voice—the voice of God. . . . Then for the third time did He allow Himself to be brought by the corrupter of the people to a high mountain, where the tempter let Him see the people of the earth, the glad riches and the kingdom of the world, and whatsoever heritage of glorious good things earth bears. Then spake the Fiend and said, "All this magnificence and high rule will I give to you, if you stoop to me, reckon me your Lord, and to me offer your prayer. If you do this, all the treasures of good things which I have shown to you will be yours." Then did the Holy Christ will no longer to hear the words of the wretch. . . . He went away, the evil-doer, Satan—he went very sorrowful, and descended to the horrible abysses of torture. Then came a great multitude of the angels of God to Christ—from the All-Ruler—from above. These were to be henceforth His disciples, and to render to Him humble service, as to the people's God, the Lord and King of Heaven.

The blessed Child of God remained for a long time in the forest, until the season arrived when it pleased Him to display His great power and satisfy the desires of His followers. Then left He the leaves of the wood, the lonely place, and sought again the society of men.

The good taste, as well as the devout spirit of the writer, is manifest in his manner of telling the gospel story. He introduces no irrelevant episodes from other parts of Scripture, or from legends, as the example of northern epics might have suggested. At a later period it was customary in Germany, and in other parts of Europe, to bring the sacred history upon the stage, and in order to please the people strange liberties were taken. Comic characters appeared in the most

solemn scenes of the history, whose business was to raise a laugh. There is no approach to this in the "Heliand." The additions made to the original narrative are few, and usually unimportant. They are little more than touches of more detailed description, or expansions of the dialogue. For example, in the account of the massacre of the innocents, the mothers are represented as shielding their infants with their arms from the blows of the soldiers. In the narrative of the baptism, the dove is described as descending from heaven and lighting upon Christ's shoulder. A full description is given of the festivities at Herod's court on his birthday. "The king of the Jews" summons a multitude of his dukes from all parts of the land to meet in the guest-hall on his birthday. We think as we read of the festival at the beginning of "Gudrun." Herod sits on his royal throne with a joyful heart, and wine is handed round in plenty among the guests, and gifts showered upon them by the king. What at first sight appears to be a very odd change is made regarding the dream of Pilate's wife. Her dream is said to have come from the devil, who, when the soul of Judas descended to hell, learned for the first time that it was the design of Christ, by means of his death, to redeem mankind from hell, and to lead them into the life of God. Having ascertained this, he was alarmed, and felt that he had committed a fatal blunder in seeking to compass Christ's death—a blunder which he endeavored to repair through Pilate's wife, but found it to be too late.*

The discourses and sayings of Christ are exceedingly well rendered by the poet of the "Heliand." There is the same combination of natural good taste with reverential feeling as in the narrative portion, and much of the elevation and sweetness of the original is preserved throughout. We doubt if any poet has ever preserved them so well. The Sermon on the Mount is beautifully rendered. As a specimen we give the version of Matthew vi. 9-15.

When the heroes surrounded the Son of God, great was their desire to hear His words. They remained silent, and were full of thought. Great was their wish to store up in their minds those wonderful things which now for the first time had been spoken by the Holy Child. Then one of the quick-witted disciples opened

* This is really a poetical version of an idea found in the early Fathers, that the Devil was deceived by means of the death of Christ, and that mankind were redeemed from his power by a holy fraud.

his mouth and spake to the Son of God, saying, "Good Lord, Best of Men, Thy grace is needful for us that we may do Thy will, and obey Thy words. Teach, then, Thy disciples to pray, as John the dear Baptist has done, who daily teaches his disciples how to greet with words the Good Ruler. Do Thou reveal the secret to us Thy disciples."

Then the Son, the Lord, the Rich One, without delay spake good words, saying: "When you wish to greet with words God the Lord and Ruler, the most Mighty of Kings, speak as I now teach you. Our Father, Father of the children of Men, Hallowed be Thy name by every word of ours. May Thy strong kingdom come. May Thy will be done here upon earth, even as it is done there in the high kingdom of the Heavens. Give us, Good Lord, what is needful for the day—Thy heavenly aid. Guardian of Heaven, forgive us all our misdeeds as we forgive others. Permit not the miserable wights to lead us astray according to their will, but if we be worthy, help us against all evil deeds."

In the "Heliand," as in all epic poems, epithets are largely employed. To every personage introduced are one or more names or adjectives applied. Very noticeable from their number and their beauty are those given to Christ, for whom the writer seems to feel a pleasure in thus testifying his unbounded reverence. He calls him "God's Child of peace," "The good Son of God," "The holy King of heaven," "The holy Christ," "The healing Christ," "The best of teachers," etc. The late Mr. Bayard Taylor, in lectures recently published, said of the Christ of the "Heliand," that we might almost fancy him to be the beautiful god of the Scandinavians, Balder, in a more perfect form. Such a remark is misleading. It is true there is no figure in the whole range of mythology so pure and elevated as Balder, and none therefore that can be so well compared with Christ; but Mr. Taylor's remark is apt to convey the impression that the "Heliand" is a sort of Christianized Edda, which it certainly is not.

The verses of the "Heliand" sometimes remind us of the life of old Germany. The form of the proper names recalls Saxony rather than Palestine. Romaburg, Nazarethburg, and Hierichoburg, where should such places be but in the German fatherland? Some of the descriptions of natural scenery show that the writer had the northern land in his mind at the time he wrote. This cannot be called a serious fault. The true greatness of a religious history or tale, such as the "Gospel History" or the "Pil-

grim's Progress," shows itself by the readiness with which it exchanges one set of outward circumstances for another, without suffering any change in its inner meaning. There is one change, however, made by the author of the "Heliand" which does not leave the moral of the "Gospel History" quite uninjured. Many of the epithets applied to Christ and his apostles suggest worldly greatness. Christ is called "The glorious Guardian of the Land," "The all-ruling Christ," "The richest of Kings," "The high Guardian of Heaven." It has been said with considerable truth by a German critic that the Christ of the "Heliand" is a rich, powerful, gracious king, such as the German people loved, who moves through the land accompanied by a band of disciples who are his faithful and heroic followers, while he dispenses his rich gifts to the needy people. The epithets applied to the apostles involve a still greater departure from historic truth than those given to Christ. They are called "heroes," "sons of heroes," "wise men," "men of noble form," and even "men of noble birth." The spirit of a stout northern thane rather than of a Christian apostle breathes in the following words of Thomas.

Then Thomas spake, the strong man, the glorious follower of the King. "Blame Him we must not, nor oppose His will. Firmly will we stand by Him, and endure along with our King. It is the praise of a follower to stand faithfully by his Lord, and to die for his honor. This let us all do, and let us count our lives as nothing in comparison. Be it enough for us to die with our Lord. Then shall we be remembered with honor among the people. And the disciples of Christ, the men of noble birth, were all of one mind.

In describing Christ as a glorious king, and his disciples as heroic kingly followers, the author of the "Heliand" was influenced, though perhaps unconsciously, by the spirit of his time. The Middle Ages—at the beginning of which he wrote—bestowed all their admiration upon the high-born and high-placed. Common men and common life were despised and oppressed. Its cruelties and its worst faults came from this source. The Church of the Middle Ages, although it did much for the poor, was not able to rid itself of the feeling that lowliness of station was contemptible. It sought for itself a high position; and when it had obtained it, began to feel ashamed of the lowliness of its origin. It could not of course deny that its Founder occupied a

humble position among men; but it did not dwell willingly upon this, but spoke of him always as the glorious visitant from another sphere—the great miracle-worker. It spoke often, it is true, of his death, but always as an act of supreme condescension, such as St. Lewis might have stooped to in behalf of his subjects, rather than as an example, often hereafter to be repeated, of goodness in a humble position, rejected and despised by the "princes of this world." The historical meaning of Christ's death was forgotten, and only its theological or mystical meaning grasped; and even the "Saxon peasant" did not bring out fully the lowliness of Christ, and loved to speak of him as Heaven's high Guardian visiting for a little time this "middle mansion."

A tendency of a similar character is observable in the writer's treatment of the Jews. He never speaks of them without some epithet showing his aversion. They are "the furious Jews," "the impudent Jews," "the miserable people" who are gaining for themselves a "miserable reward." In the New Testament the Jews appear simply as representatives of humanity—acting as "all flesh" would have done, if suddenly brought into the presence of awful purity. The Middle Ages lost this view of the representative character of the Jews, and spoke of them as a race of inhuman malignants, like the Jotuns of northern mythology, or the Huns of legendary history. The cruel persecutions endured by them had their origin in this false notion.

There are no traces in the "Heliand" of the sacerdotalism which ruled in the Church of the Middle Ages. The word "Church" does not once occur; and the only indication we have that the author had any acquaintance with an ecclesiastical system is that he calls Caiaphas "the bishop of the people." The lay authorship probably has something to do with this want of recognition of Church and clergy; at all events in this respect the "Heliand" stands in marked contrast to the somewhat later "Krist" of Otfried, who was a Benedictine monk in Weissenberg in Alsace, and in whose poem the more ecclesiastical spirit of south Germany is apparent.

One can mark some traces in the "Heliand" of the old German heathenism to which its author stood so near in time. It is not probable that he himself desired to recall heathen associations. The likelihood is that he sought rather to avoid every word which might bring back mem-

ories of what he and his countrymen had renounced. The conflict between heathenism and Christianity had been too fierce in north Germany to permit of amenities between the combatants. It was not as at a later time in Scandinavia, where heathenism died gradually and gently, and almost in the arms of the new faith, whose priests piously preserved its traditions. But, although it may have been unconsciously and reluctantly, as far as the author was concerned, heathen reminiscences do appear in the "Heliand." More than once he uses the old pagan word *metodo*, fate, as a name for God. He speaks also of the decrees of the fates. Paradise is spoken of under the poetical name of "God's green meadow"—a name recalling the mythologies of the north. Christ is made to say, when explaining the parable of the wheat and the tares: "Both shall continue to grow—the rejected friends as well as the good men, until the might of Muspelli comes upon men—the end of the world." The Muspelli is the central fire of the world mentioned in the Edda from which messengers are to come forth at the end of all things to set the world in flame.

Some of the expressions in Christ's prophecies of the end of the world recall the Edda's pictures of the same event; but these resemblances really arise not so much from any change made by the author of the "Heliand," as from resemblances between the original authorities. The Edda in its doctrine of the end of the world more closely resembles the New Testament than any other mythology. It teaches that, owing to the increasing degeneracy of gods and men, sudden destruction will come upon the earth. The following is a description of it from the elder Edda.

The sun darkens,
Earth in ocean sinks,
Fall from heaven the bright stars;
Fire's breath assails
The all-nourishing tree,
Towering fire plays
Against Heaven itself.

As in the New Testament, a regeneration of all things is to follow.

She sees arise
A second time,
Earth from ocean,
Beauteously green.

Unseen, shall
The fields bring forth,
All evil be amended;

Baldr shall come,
Hödr and Baldr,
The heavenly gods.

Then comes the mighty one
To the great judgment.
The power from above
Who rules o'er all,
He shall dooms pronounce,
And strifes allay,
Holy peace establish,
Which shall ever be.

These traditions, which we find in the Eddas, were the common heritage of the Teutonic races. A Teutonic poet could scarcely fail to think on them when reading the corresponding passages in the New Testament; and we are not surprised to find an occasional similarity between the words of the "Heliand" and of the Edda in their pictures of the end of all things.

JOHN GIBB.

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POLITICAL SOMNAMBULISM.

ARE not nations liable to an infirmity analogous to somnambulism? Are they not often seen walking confidently, or even rushing along eagerly, with their eyes shut, that is, not prepared by any kind of political education to see what is before them, or against what objects they may bruise themselves? The question might be asked at any time, but it is particularly seasonable at a moment when the nation seems unusually confident and ready for rapid motion.

Democratic States are especially liable to this infirmity, and of democratic States especially those which are in the first stages of democracy. Where the government is in the hands of a class there are other dangers, but there is not this particular danger of public action being taken wholly without due knowledge or consideration. Even a democracy, if you give it time, may perhaps learn caution, or educate itself politically. But a state where the democracy is young and sanguine, and where no one is taught politics, is a somnambulist state, and if it has at all a difficult road to travel, is exposed to the greatest dangers. Do not these conditions meet in England at the present time?

Assuredly the spirit of innovation was never at any former time so utterly unrestrained. Reformers now—and we are all reformers—have ceased to admit that

any institutions are too fundamental to be touched. The time was when all the greater questions were closed for Englishmen by the happiness of an exceptional position which made it unnecessary for us to discuss them. We had a perfect constitution both in State and Church; the kingdoms might rage and the people be moved; we were sheltered from all such agitations. But now insensibly we have drifted into other latitudes; we seem now quite prepared to raise, even without necessity, the very questions which our ancestors considered it the great masterpiece to suppress. Do we trust to our national genius for politics? I hope not. I like to hear foreigners speak of this genius, but I do not like to hear English people congratulate themselves upon it. How many exceptional advantages have we enjoyed! How little have we been exposed to the particular trials which have impeded the progress of Continental countries! When we consider this, we may well doubt whether we have any right to set down our prosperity to any peculiar wisdom of our own. Besides this, the political talent, which undoubtedly appears in some pages of English history, was the talent of our old governing classes. They acquired it by long practice in government, and by many mistakes which English history records not less plainly. What reason have we to suppose that the new governing classes have any such talent? To judge by the last two general elections, they are beginning their politics, as might be expected, at the beginning. If they have the talent, it remains to be developed, and it will be developed probably in the usual manner, by monstrous mistakes committed, and great calamities suffered in consequence. Their advent to power is already marked by the total disappearance of all the old political maxims which embodied the wisdom of their predecessors. All those misconceptions of the nature and objects of government which we used to ridicule in the French, and hold ourselves superior to, are now taken for granted, as if they had never been questioned, and assumed as incontrovertible axioms in the popular discussion of the day. We have been suddenly converted to all the fallacies we used to take a pride in detecting. All the ideology, all the "metapolitics," to use the expression of my friend Stein, the inveterate confusion between politics and philosophy, or between politics and religion, — all this has now become naturalized in England.

And, indeed, how could it be otherwise? Those mistakes are inevitably made by beginners in politics, and we have transferred the control of affairs into the hands of beginners.

Nominally, indeed, we have all admitted that the newly enfranchised classes ought to receive some sort of education to prepare them for their political functions. And yet nothing has been done for this object. We seem to have set our minds at rest by one of the worst of those rhetorical sophistries by which we drug ourselves, the sophistry of speaking of the suffrage as being itself an education. The suffrage, I maintain, is no education at all; it has no tendency whatever to make people wiser. Conferred on those who are entirely untutored, it can do nothing but develop and give substance to error and misconception. *Ex stultis insanos facit*. Education is no such easy popular process. It does not consist simply in drawing attention to a subject, but involves discipline, the detection of mistakes, continuous effort and personal responsibility on the part of the learner.

But it is not only in the newly enfranchised classes that this novel political tone may be observed. Almost as much metapolitics may now be detected in the political discussion of the middle classes. In the newest phase of fashion all political questions are despatched summarily — alike in drawing-rooms and at working men's clubs — by direct deduction from the vaguest general propositions, precisely as in the most primitive periods of science. Neither the working men nor those new-fledged politicians, the ladies, and scarcely, it seems to me, university-bred men themselves, admit or conceive either that there is any difficulty in these questions or any great danger of misapprehending them, and still less that they absolutely require careful study. We have caught the tone of the Parisian *salons* of the last days of the old *régime*, when ladies and gentlemen settled, without the least misgiving, and without a suspicion that they might not have immediately at hand all the materials for forming a decision, the most momentous questions, when, as M. Taine says, "the questions of the existence of God and of the immortality of the soul came in with the coffee!"

I confess I hardly understand what view is taken by those politicians who nowadays seem eager to put all the largest, most momentous, and most difficult questions before the people for an immediate

decision. Do they suppose the people to be inspired? Or perhaps that they have a simple common sense which in the most intricate questions unerringly finds the right conclusion? This is almost the infatuation of Robespierre. It brings to mind his famous *dictum*, "Let us begin by laying it down that the people are good, but that its delegates are corruptible!"

I often think of a remark I once heard made by a working man at a club; it rises to my mind whenever I want a measure of the competence of the great mass of working men to judge of large national questions. It was at an early stage of the great Eastern controversy, and he settled the question of our relations with Russia in this way. "I do not know how you feel," he said, turning to the audience of working men, "and I do not know how it is, but whenever I hear the Russians mentioned, I feel the blood tingling all over me." He spoke as if he thought this instinctive feeling might be fairly taken as an intimation of the proper steps to be taken, and when I expressed alarm and horror at such a mode of handling the question, I thought I could observe that many among the audience were surprised at the impression it had made on me. But I carried away a conception I never had before of the utter childishness with respect to great public matters not immediately affecting themselves in which vast multitudes of people live. It will be answered that the working classes respond with remarkable enthusiasm to any appeal made to their moral feelings. No doubt their minds are in a fallow state, and will yield any crop easily. That very man who could not bear to hear the Russians mentioned, has, I dare say, since given his voice just as eagerly in their favor. But there is little comfort in this reflection. Without information, still more without a just way of conceiving political questions, they are just as likely to vote wrong when their good feelings are roused as when they are under the dominion of their animal instincts.

The notion seems widely spread that in politics good feelings and good intentions are the main thing, and almost the only thing, that if a people once has these, it will go right in the main, as if the difference between good politics and bad politics were, as Mr. Bright seems to hold, almost entirely moral and scarcely at all intellectual. And yet one of the principal lessons of recent history is the infinite deceivableness of the generous, impulsive, popular mind. No one questions the

generous ardor of 1789, or that when the Revolution entered upon its career of unprincipled conquest, many Frenchmen really thought they were setting free and benefiting the countries they overran; no one doubts the sincerity of that worship of Napoleon to which Béranger gave expression. The people had good intentions, but Napoleon was clever enough to deceive them. And so when thirty years later universal suffrage was given to that nation, when for the first time the voice of the French people was really heard, it called Louis Napoleon to the head of affairs, and established a system of which we have seen the results. These are instances of what I call somnambulism; they show the essential importance of a real knowledge of surrounding realities, of open eyes, and of a clear sight of the road along which the nation must walk, and the total insufficiency in politics of mere good intentions.

It is indeed hard, nay, impossible, for a whole people to have such real knowledge. The masses, as a matter of course, have not leisure to acquire even the information, and still less the just way of thinking which are necessary for a sound political judgment. What they might in some degree acquire is, as I have said, the knowledge that there is such a knowledge, the distrust of their own instincts, of their higher as well as their lower instincts, the distrust of empty rhetoric, and the power of discerning in others that political judgment they can scarcely have themselves.

But perhaps some considerable time will yet pass before the working classes take full possession of their power. In the mean while, everything still depends on the middle class, in which are included most of the best-educated men in the country. This class has hitherto shown prudence, and has even been renowned in the world for political sense and tact. But the conditions are greatly changed when Radicalism becomes for the first time triumphant, and takes up its position as, in some sort, the dominant practical creed. That this should happen at last was not at all surprising. In an age which has witnessed so much successful innovation, such a renewing of machinery in every department but politics, the hour was certain to arrive when people would think without too much anxiety of sending the old English constitution after the old stagecoach and the old "wooden walls." But the enterprise of renewing English institutions, though possibly feasible, is certainly serious and hazardous. It will

tax political ability infinitely more than the modest task, to which we have hitherto confined ourselves, of altering an old house where it seemed to need repair. That asks only good sense and good temper, but widely different qualities are needed by those who would handle fundamental questions. Hitherto we have held it unsafe even to open such questions, and surely it *is* unsafe unless we duly prepare ourselves to deal with them. A rough common-sense knowledge of politics might suffice for the old system, but Radicalism aims higher. Radicalism as a dominant system, presumes the existence of a large class of people systematically trained in political science.

Has England this class? We seem to mistake the habit of busying ourselves with practical politics for a taste for political science. But it is surprising how little connection there is between the two things, and what confused notions of politics many men have who pass their whole lives in practical political business. "We are not political philosophers," wrote Mr. Gladstone, not long ago. This is indeed a fact of which we often boast. In an age of Radicalism the boast cannot too soon become obsolete, for Radical politics are not safe except in the hands of political philosophers.

The truth is that, till quite lately, the highest education given in England left a man almost entirely without political instruction. It was much if the study of Thucydides or Aristotle's "Politics" imparted to him the knowledge that there was a higher and serener sort of political science than that expounded by Whig and Tory newspapers. We used to assert indeed that our classical system afforded an excellent introduction to political studies. This might be true, but it was an introduction which came too late. Thucydides and Aristotle might have done much if they had been closely followed by a host of modern writers on politics, and if the study of Athens and Rome had been followed by a study equally serious of modern England, France, and Germany. As it was, while a few men, who had exceptional opportunities, followed up the hints their classical education had given them, and became instructed politicians, the great majority closed their political studies when they closed their Aristotle, and never afterwards succeeded in bringing together in their minds the chaos of English party politics and the few germs of political science which they had picked up at the

university. Improvements have now been introduced, but it remains in the main true that the influence of science, of the school, is *nil* in English politics. What Englishmen know of politics, they have picked up in various ways, but there is one way in which they have not acquired it, they have not been taught it.

Now large changes must be made on large principles, and such large principles are the last thing which the English mind excogitates for itself. The helplessness of the general English intellect on this side has often been remarked. When it is in want of a principle, it snatches at any general proposition which sounds a little impressive, a little solemn, and applies it peremptorily with slight regard either to its truth or to its pertinence. It is all the more a slave to empty generalities when it listens to them at all, because it listens to them so seldom, and is so slow in originating them. The moment is very critical when such a nation as this enters for the first time on the path of speculative politics.

Radicalism considered as a ruling creed is too new among us to have been sufficiently criticised. It has risen to the head of affairs almost before people have done denying it to be serious. Now that the nation has suddenly adopted its fundamental principle there is some danger of its whole programme being accepted *en bloc*. But after having made good its case against the negative criticism of the ancient parties it ought to go before the discriminating criticism of science. Granted that our politics ought not to be bound eternally by precedent, granted that there are principles in politics—still principles are of two kinds, true and false. Advanced thinkers may not be, as they used to be considered, necessarily unpractical, still the question remains whether they have been advancing in the right direction or in the wrong one. And when we consider how raw we are, as a nation, in political speculation, how capable in our innocence of adopting one after another all the false systems that ever were exploded, we ought surely to be much on our guard against the schemes of innovation that are now proposed to us as founded on philosophical principles, or as required by the spirit of the age. On such schemes scepticism has not yet done half its work. It remains to be decided whether those philosophical principles are more solid than a hundred metaphysical systems which have been forgotten after a brief day of popularity.

What criticism do we apply to these schemes? Are we satisfied with our system of a succession of popular party speeches followed by a general election? Do not these two miracles of popular will, the elections of 1874 and 1880, excite a certain misgiving in our minds? If indeed all political questions are level to the meanest capacity, if the plausible view in politics is always the true view, then our system leaves nothing to be desired. But if the obvious conclusion drawn from a small number of obvious facts is sometimes misleading, then nothing can be more futile than these great popular decisions, which never even profess to look below the surface. How would it fare with the best-ascertained truths of science if they underwent such an ordeal? Many of these are flatly opposed to all ordinary or popular impressions, some of them actually to what is called the evidence of the senses. Imagine how the great voice of the people would pronounce on the question whether the earth went round the sun or the sun round the earth! Imagine the contempt and ridicule and moral indignation which would overwhelm the party which should maintain the true opinion! They would never hold up their heads again. It would be said that they had always secretly despised the people, that they had too long successfully hoodwinked them; but that now at length they had gone too far, now at last they had unmasked themselves, and for the future the nation would know what to think of them!

The unsoundness of some of the ideas which pass among us for advanced, may be illustrated by a conspicuous example, which it will be worth while to consider at some length.

It is easy to remark that men's views of politics vary with their views of history. We guide ourselves in the larger political questions by great historical precedents. In the last generation men were made Conservatives more by the single fact that the French Revolution led to the Reign of Terror than by all the reasoning in the world. In these days men take up the cause of democracy not so much on abstract reasoning as because they think they see that democracy succeeds in America, or because France, in spite of her misfortunes, is still immensely rich and prosperous. Sometimes these historical arguments are quite far-fetched, and yet produce a great effect. What a multitude of educated men were led to democratic views by Mr. Grote's

animated picture of the glories of the Athenian democracy! It must be confessed that it requires much research to form a trustworthy estimate of these great historical phenomena. But people think they are practically safe if they look only to broad, historical results. They fancy that, though historians may differ about small details, the large outlines are clear of all doubt, and so the practical moral of history may be easily drawn. Nothing, in my opinion, can be more erroneous than this view. It is the large outlines which are most easily falsified, and which party historians have most interest in falsifying. To falsify a fact is comparatively difficult, but the meaning or character of a fact can easily be misstated. It costs a skilful party historian only the turn of a phrase, and the greatest event in the world — the Reformation or the Revolution — is turned upside down, and made to yield a lesson directly opposite to that which it really teaches.

Now the educated class in England does not study modern history. They will read it with pleasure — English history if it is at all attractively written, Continental history if it is written very attractively. But they read it in the easy-chair, and only care to remember what amuses them. And yet their political opinions are very materially influenced by this luxurious reading. Since Macaulay wrote, no opinion but his about the Revolution of 1688 has had any currency in England. Was this because he proved his points? Not at all. His partiality on many points was clearly perceived. It was in fact generally agreed that he was a party historian. But that made no difference. His views were universally adopted for the simple reason that his book was amusing, and that to test his statements in detail cost too much trouble. And there can be no doubt that this universal adoption of a particular view of that Revolution produced the strongest effect upon the politics of this day.

Now it so happens that modern Radicalism has not yet written its history of England. If a great Radical writer of the calibre of Grote or Mill had gone over those critical events of English history upon our view of which our political opinions mainly depend, the revolutions of the seventeenth century, or the great war with Revolutionary France, it is impossible to say what an effect might have been produced. But this was not done, and, in the absence of a Grote, modern Radicals seem in general to fall back upon Mr.

Carlyle. In recent debates Radicalism seemed to be trying to express itself by praises of Cromwell in the tone of Mr. Carlyle, particularly—where the praise of Cromwell came in very strangely—in the attack on the proposed statue of the prince imperial. The author of "Shooting Niagara" is, to be sure, hardly a Radical, but in default of a better historical representative of their views, the party seem to make the best of Mr. Carlyle, as being at least neither Tory nor Whig.

Now the fact that the Radical party are inclined to adopt Cromwell for a hero is one which, as the French say, *fait rêver*. It shows how prone we are to assume that in politics all who think must be substantially agreed, and cannot differ among themselves, but differ only from those who from prejudice refuse to think. Only on this supposition could Mr. Carlyle be an oracle to the democratic party, when he has all along opposed democracy. According to him, nothing can be more false than to suppose that government can be well conducted by an assembly, nothing can be more contemptible than what is called the popular will, and even liberty itself is a chimera. According to him aristocracy, monarchy, and, in a sense, priesthood, are substantially good and necessary things, which need rather to be revived than to be abolished. The Radical party does not seem in the least inclined to listen to this teaching, which is indeed more opposed to their views than Toryism or Whiggism. Why, then, do they listen with favor to Mr. Carlyle's historical teaching? Assuredly the merit of Mr. Carlyle as a political preacher is far more unquestionable than his merit as a historian. And yet in most cases it will be found that the modern Radical adopts as a matter of course the Carlylian view of our civil wars, holding that the Restoration was a great calamity and an act of moral apostasy on the part of the nation, and that Cromwell was the inspired hero who, surpassing all the half-hearted Pym and Hampdens of the Rebellion, showed England the true path she ought to have pursued. How can this be, except, as I said, because people can imagine a prejudiced and false view, or an unprejudiced and true view, of English history, but are quite incapable of conceiving a view unprejudiced and yet false? It seems never to occur to them that a writer may study the Great Rebellion and similar events with a mind perfectly clear from old constitutional, Whig or Tory, preconceptions, and yet take a wholly mistaken view

of it, because, though he has a philosophy, his philosophy is false.

Is it then so easy to understand history, if only Conservative prejudice be resisted? We blame the French for allowing the story of Napoleon to be turned into a lying legend which by its fascination has misled them into the gravest practical errors. Here plainly it was not prejudice but the fascination of rhetoric and poetry that perverted history. But are we not as frivolous as the French in this matter? When we abandoned the old constitutional view of Cromwell for that of Mr. Carlyle, we may possibly have shaken off some prejudice, but it certainly was not to philosophy but to poetry, not to better instruction but to richer amusement, that we sacrificed our prejudices.

History is liable to a peculiar corruption when it falls into the hands of purely literary men, a corruption the seriousness of which is seldom perceived. The men and the deeds which suit the purposes of the literary man writing history are wholly different from those which attract the historian proper. The best statesmanship, the most successful politics, make dull reading, and what charms the imagination in history is precisely that which, considered as politics, is worst. Thus Mr. Hamerton tells us that French society "round his house" cannot be induced to take any interest in English politics, because of their tameness and uniformity. In other words, because in England we avoid revolutions and civil wars, which is precisely what it were desirable that the French should learn to do, for that very reason they can see nothing to interest them in our affairs! This paradox is very important when we are considering the effect of history on political opinions in a country where history is not studied seriously. In England we change our opinions according to the amusing books on history which happen to appear. We read modern history only on the strict condition that it shall be amusing. As a natural consequence it falls into the hands of purely literary men. But such writers, in looking about for material, will not be attracted by those parts of history which afford instruction, for nothing is duller than political instruction; they will look about for exciting events, for wars and revolutions. And therefore in such a country the heroes of wars and revolutions must steadily rise in reputation.

Some time ago I expressed in this

magazine my opinion that Macaulay's "History" has introduced a period of decline in that department of historical literature which deals with recent periods. It has driven out, I maintained, the true and high conception of history and replaced it by a false, vulgar, and popular conception. Now the corrupt fashion then introduced, which assumed that genius is shown in history solely by vivid, picturesque language, and that investigation, criticism, and historical philosophy, are mere humdrum in which no genius can possibly be shown; that, in short, a historian is simply a brilliant narrator, and not rather an investigator and a discoverer,—this corrupt fashion essentially consisted in the historian proper being superseded by the literary man writing history. Since the time when Macaulay, who might so well have claimed the former title, elected to appear in the latter part, it is surprising to notice to what a length the notion has since been carried that any lively *littérateur* may write history. Mr. Bayard Taylor tells us that Thackeray showed him the materials he had collected for a history of Queen Anne, and told him that he felt sure he should *succeed*. So that we might have had the happiness of reading a history of England by the author of "Vanity Fair"! And the author of "Vanity Fair" would have done us less harm than Lamartine and Victor Hugo have done to our neighbors.

I urged at the same time that the secret cause of this corruption is the absence of any sufficiently organized school of modern history whether at the universities or elsewhere. The historian finds himself writing, not—as every writer aiming at science should write—for the students in his own department of learning, who alone are at all qualified to understand or to judge him, but for the general public. He thus naturally becomes demoralized. To this cause is to be added the immense demand for books of history for the young. Every school-master asks me what ought to be done to induce boys to read history. To which my answer is, "Anything or everything may be done except to spoil history itself in the hope of making it readable." At all times literature needs to be protected from the insidious influence of youth and of the family, which in any department where the demand of mature men is slack draws it gradually down into a lower sphere. "*Immer für Weiber und Kinder!*" writes Goethe: "*ich dichte meine*

Schreiben für Männer." But the English literature of the last generation has suffered in an especial degree from this cause. Macaulay let loose the plague upon modern history with peculiar effect, just because he was a writer of such grave and high pretensions. He was the literary man writing history under the most imposing disguise of the historian proper.

Mr. Carlyle wore no such disguise. He was a literary historian pure and simple, who had studied in the school neither of practical nor theoretical politics, but in that of German aesthetics and literature in the most dreamy period of Germany. I should be sorry to speak of him in language which should hurt his warmest admirers. I admire as much as others this striking reappearance of the Hebrew prophet in the modern world. No mere echo or literary imitation of Hebrew prophecy, but the thing itself; the faculty of seeing moral evils which others are too drowsy to see, and of seeing them as distinctly as if they were material objects, the sublime impatience, the overwhelming denunciation, in fact, ancient prophecy revived and effective as of old; this is what I see in his best writings, in "Past and Present" and some of the "Latter-Day Pamphlets." The case is different when he appears as a historian, for it is questionable whether a prophet ought to write history. But yet up to a certain point I can cordially admire his histories. We are to consider that, like his prophecies, they had an immediate practical object. They were not intended to conform to any ideal standard; they were prophecies on a larger scale, intended to awaken drowsy minds to a sense of the greatness of God's judgments and the inexorableness of the laws by which he governs the modern world, as he governed the ancient. Considered thus, they are wonderful works, and we know that in some conspicuous instances they attained their end, they did awaken, and to good purpose, the slumbering historic sense. Of these three prophetic histories, that of the French Revolution is, in my opinion, much the most successful, and for this reason, that the subject is best suited to the prophetic mode of treatment. The prophet is out of his element when he has no practical object. Mr. Carlyle has, in my opinion, no real talent for reviving distant times, such as that of Cromwell; if he sometimes makes the past seem to live it is only with a galvanic and unnatural life which belongs really to the pres-

ent. But the French Revolution may fairly be said to belong to the present, and then its awfulness and the impressiveness of the punishment which it inflicted on the frivolity of the old French aristocracy make it a most legitimate subject for the apocalyptic method. I value also, both in this book and in the "Life of Friedrich," the first serious attempt that has been made to break through the trance of insularity which seals up the English mind. Here, for once, an Englishman has honestly tried to understand the Continental world! I do not for my part think that Frederick really was such a person as Mr. Carlyle supposes, nor do I think that Mr. Carlyle has drawn the true moral from his career. But at any rate, he has not spared labor. If he has scarcely succeeded, the fault is to be laid not on any insular want of sympathy, but simply on that prophetic cast of mind which does not know how to investigate, and cannot see at all except where it sees intensely and instinctively. He has, at any rate, repaired the mischief which had been done by Macaulay's "Essay on Frederick the Great," which to this day is cited with contempt by every German writer who wishes to jibe at English conceit and ignorance of the Continent.

But the merit of all these books alike is simply in the art of representation, and this art is only good on the supposition that the reader is dull, or has never acquired a taste for history. For it consists, after all, simply in enormous exaggeration, and is therefore quite as repulsive to the serious historical student as it is attractive to the beginner in history. Even where, as in the "History of the French Revolution," Mr. Carlyle has not perhaps seriously perverted the truth, I cannot think that the practised reader of history can regard his work but with impatience and complete dissatisfaction. To such a reader all the prophecy is mere verbiage, for it announces what he is in no danger of overlooking, so that all the emphasis and all the reiteration fall flat upon his ear; and seem as out of date as the inspiration of the Koran. Meanwhile he perceives that the prophet's whole attention has been exhausted upon the mere *scenery* of the event, that his insight into its nature and causes is not great, and in particular that he has discovered nothing. No such reader could ever learn much from Mr. Carlyle, even when his work first appeared, and even considered as a work for beginners, I fear that this book, if it has an awakening influence upon some, has a

confusing effect for others. The glare of those pictures draws off the eye from that which most deserves to be contemplated; a biographical interest is substituted for a historic one; and I notice that, in spite of the great number of Englishmen who have read it with eager interest, no tolerably clear understanding of the French Revolution is commonly to be found in England.

But the worst is that Mr. Carlyle usually produces his effects at the expense of truth. I do not mean to charge him with misstating facts. He is no doubt as careful about correctness, particularly in costume, as a modern stage-manager, but in greater matters, particularly in the greatest of all, in his estimate of great events and characters, he seems to me entirely astray. I regard him as the principal representative of that false tendency in history which Macaulay made fashionable, the tendency to substitute a literary for a political estimate. He makes no secret of this tendency, but everywhere avows it as if he were introducing a reform and not a new abuse. And yet, as I have said, this literary estimate positively turns history upside down. It teaches us to admire in the past whatever we most disapprove in the present, bloody catastrophes, desperate policies, revolutions. Nothing can exceed the simplicity with which Mr. Carlyle avows that he takes no interest in any wise, successful statesman who has brought happiness to his country, and that he feels no admiration for such a character. In his "Essay on Mirabeau" he ridicules the English public for continuing to repeat the names of Pitt and Fox when heroes like the leaders of the French Revolution were soliciting their homage. Of these leaders he selects three, Mirabeau, Danton, and Napoleon, whom he is prepared to maintain to be characters of an altogether higher order than Pitt and Fox. Now on what ground? Evidently because of the terrible events with which they were mixed up. Mr. Carlyle means to say that stormy scenes in the Tennis Court or in the Paris streets, September massacres, battles of Austerlitz, excite his imagination, while regency debates and the like put him to sleep. So feels, no doubt, the literary man in search of a subject. It is little to say that the historian proper judges differently. He *reverses* the judgment. To him the enormous disquiet of France is the strongest presumptive evidence against the Revolutionary statesmen, and the comparative tranquillity of

England the best proof of the merit of Pitt and Fox.

These general observations upon Mr. Carlyle as a historian have been intended to lead to some remarks on his famous achievement, the rehabilitation of Cromwell. We know what was the old constitutional view of the Great Rebellion; on one side of politics there was of course total disapproval, on the other side vindication and admiration, but most carefully qualified. Hallam, the Whig, qualifies his approbation of Pym and Hampden so far as to hint that even at the beginning of the Civil War their case was already a bad one. As for the military party, which in the course of 1648 became predominant with Cromwell at its head, he condemns them altogether, and his estimate of Cromwell is singularly severe, though he does justice to his ability. Hallam may be taken to represent the purely political view. In Macaulay the tone taken is a degree more literary. He avoids, apparently with intention, giving any deliberate estimate of Cromwell, but is always warmer and more eloquent than Hallam in speaking of his achievements.

Now comes Mr. Carlyle with the purely literary view. He tells us that he has sincerely tried to admire the Pym and the Hampdens, but at the bottom "he has found that it would not do." Of course not; we are quite prepared to hear that Cromwell seems to him as much superior to Pym and Hampden as Mirabeau, Danton, and Napoleon to Pitt and Fox. For he is thinking of the subject purely as a literary man, and he sees that from a literary point of view there can be no comparison between the hero of Naseby and Dunbar and two civilians, even though those two civilians did set on foot a civil war. Accordingly, he throws aside entirely the received opinion, and sets up the military party, rejected before by Whigs and Tories alike, for our admiration. In the midst of this military party, like Charlemagne among his peers, or Napoleon among his marshals, stands Cromwell, set high above all the statesmen of the Rebellion, and indeed high above all English statesmen, as a genius of the same order in politics as Shakespeare in literature.

It might have seemed impossible that the public should approve such a total subversion of all received views on a question which is fundamental in English politics, at least without the most careful examination. For if Mr. Carlyle is right, England has been on the wrong path for

two hundred years, since it may be said that our politics ever since have been based upon the principle that the Great Rebellion was a mistake, and have consisted principally in expedients for avoiding the recurrence of such mistakes. It is needless to say that it does not cost Mr. Carlyle anything to affirm that England has been on the wrong path for two hundred years. As a prophet, he would not be at his ease if he had a thesis less enormous to support. For a prophet is nothing unless he is alone against the world, surrounded with mocking and wondering faces, and therefore when a prophet makes the mistake of writing history, he must needs begin by reversing all received opinions. As a matter of course therefore, Mr. Carlyle must maintain that the Restoration, which is the starting-point of modern English politics, was not only a mistake, but a great act of national apostasy, and that the system which has grown out of it, though it has given us a remarkable and long-continued prosperity, and though it has been imitated in other European countries as almost an ideal system, is a contemptible and impious sham, which has brought England to the depths of moral ignominy. This was a matter of course, and it was also natural that he should not support the position by argument — that would be unworthy of a prophet — but simply by violent assertion, reiteration, and denunciation. What seems less intelligible is that by such methods he should succeed. And yet I think he has succeeded. His opinion is now adopted, or rather taken for granted, by all those who would not be thought reactionary. If you are not an old-world Tory, admiring Charles I., and thinking the opposition to him impious, it seems now a matter of course that you admire Cromwell, detest the Restoration, and sneer at the Revolution as a half hearted compromise.

This may seem strange, and yet after all it is not strange when we consider that the public does not regard history seriously. For Mr. Carlyle's book really *was* amusing, and what would you have more? Here is a book that can be read. What a relief after those dreary constitutional tomes, to come upon a book glowing with all the hues of poetry! On one page it is sublime, and then on the next, or even on the same page, it is so exquisitely odd and funny! you would say the prophet Isaiah writing for *Punch*. How natural then that we should give up our old opinions about the Great Rebellion, pronounce

Cromwell an ideal hero king, execrate the Restoration, and sneer at the Revolution! It was inevitable, when we consider it. Other causes no doubt co-operated. There were the instincts which have led the French to deify Napoleon, unavowed no doubt, but still powerful, and which we did not think it unsafe to indulge in the case of Cromwell, because *his* battles were gained in the cause of religion. Then there was the pleasure which the whole religious world felt when they learnt that a religious man, who had so long been despised as a hypocrite, was really one of the greatest and wisest statesmen of history. Then, again, many literary men felt it a relief to see a fine subject rescued out of the hands of lawyers and politicians, and ready to be clothed in the diction of romance and poetry. And, lastly, Radicalism wanted its theory of the Rebellion, and by means of that strange foreign fancy, that military imperialism has a certain affinity with liberty, managed to hit it off with Cromwell, and with a historian who never conceals the contempt he feels for liberty.

I do not complain of Mr. Carlyle for treating Cromwell's life in a new way. There was in truth great need that this should be done. That a man of such striking and strongly marked character should be, as it were, tabooed by history, that writers should be afraid to speak at large about him, that he should never be mentioned except in the tone of invective, or of timid apology, this was ridiculous. He had a right to a biography which should be heartily sympathetic.

Nor do I complain of Mr. Carlyle for defending Cromwell's religious sincerity, nor yet for asserting him to have been an honest, well-intentioned as well as an able man. Historians have ordinarily spoken far too much of crime, and far too little of mistake. In such a confused age as Cromwell's, in such an abeyance of all ordinary political rules, when decisions had to be taken suddenly and often in the dark, a man of excellent intentions may find himself in a very questionable position, and all the more easily if he has the kind of prompt, daring character which most insures immediate success. The quickest runner, once on the wrong road, will go furthest astray. When Cromwell began to take the lead the all-important decision had been already taken. Civil war had been entered on. If this decision was wrong, Cromwell was from the beginning on the wrong road. It is easy for historians in a quiet time to criticise and

condemn the daring deeds of a great man thus hopelessly entangled; but there is something to my mind pharisaical in the "high tone of morality" which such historians pride themselves on preserving. I therefore go heartily with Mr. Carlyle when he discards the carping, fault-finding, moralizing tone of former writers on Cromwell, and am quite willing to accept all that he urges in proof of his hero's nobleness, gentleness, and sincerity of character.

But when I have conceded all this to Mr. Carlyle, it seems to me that the question of Cromwell's work as a statesman, and of his position in English history, remains still to be discussed. He himself may have been good, and yet his system very bad. His career may have been well-intentioned and morally excusable, and yet it may have been a great mistake. He may be a grand figure for the imagination to contemplate, and yet his system of politics may have been mischievous. This is what the literary man writing history can never be brought to conceive. The great man to him is always the man who makes a striking figure on the historical stage. It is this misconception which has led the French to Napoleonism, and evidently the English counterpart of that illusion is Mr. Carlyle's theory of Cromwell.

The question I propose is, What would a Radical historian such as Grote have said about Cromwell? Let us put aside entirely all old-fashioned constitutional prejudices, from which no doubt Hallam is by no means free; but let us put aside at the same time all the new-fashioned prejudices to which Mr. Carlyle is a slave, the taste for strong literary sensations, for stirring incidents and strong characters. Let us be politicians, not poets, and with this determination let us ask ourselves what we think of the Great Rebellion, of Cromwell, and of the Restoration. There are many points on which I for my part suspend my judgment. Among these is the all-important question whether the final breach between Parliament and king in the last months of 1641 was not really unavoidable. It is useless to discuss this until Mr. Gardiner has told us all he knows. The panic on the side of the Parliamentary leaders was extreme, and by no means unreasonable. If the course they took was extreme, the necessity appeared to them, and could not but appear to them, extreme also. They might feel that they had only a choice of evils. Here, as in the principal acts of

Cromwell, the moral question is intricate if not insoluble. But the principal political questions, whether the Civil War, unavoidable or not, was likely to lead to a good result; whether the military party, honest or not, had a right to suppress liberty in England; whether the militarism of Cromwell, well-intentioned or not, was a good form of government; and, lastly, whether the Restoration of Charles II., whatever we think of his character, or of the profligacy of his court, was salutary or not,—these are questions which there need be no difficulty in deciding. It seems to me that an intelligent Radical would answer all these questions in almost exactly the same way as they were answered by Hallam. He would say that, as a matter of course, the military government, whether in its first nominally republican form, or in the open imperialism of Cromwell, was a most bad and fatal system, and that, as a matter of course, the Restoration was a most necessary and salutary measure, by which all that was good in England was saved from destruction.

The Restoration was not a return to servitude, but the precise contrary. It was a great emancipation, an exodus out of servitude into liberty. We all, I suppose, know theoretically that there are more forms than one of tyranny, but practically we seem to treat military imperialism as if it were not among these forms. Perhaps because in modern Europe it has always been a short-lived, transient phenomenon, which has disappeared before men have had time to be disgusted with it, or for some other reason, the military tyranny of our interregnum and of the Napoleons in France has left a slighter impression than the tyranny of the Stuarts and of the Bourbons. In our own case perhaps it is because we confuse the moral with the political question. Morally no doubt it seems hard to speak of Cromwell as a tyrant; morally no doubt it is absurd to class him with James II. But this ought not to tempt us to absolve the military system, or to overlook the fact that in itself it is a far greater scourge, a far more fatal evil, than such arbitrary government as that of the Tudors or of the early Stuarts. As to the later Stuarts, I regard them as pupils of Cromwell. I think that any one who tries to penetrate their design will find that it was their great ambition to appropriate Cromwell's methods for the benefit of the old monarchy. But, as we know, they were unsuccessful pupils. They failed where

their model had succeeded, and the distinction of having enslaved England remained peculiar to Cromwell.

As Cromwell was probably no tyrant in intention, so it is no doubt true that in act he was much more than a mere tyrant. I could enlarge, had I space, upon the great results of his statesmanship which remained to England after his tyranny was destroyed. On condition that it did not last his system might be regarded as beneficial. But had it lasted, had the house of Cromwell established itself in England, I take it that all which has since made the glory of our country would have been lost. England would have become a military State, and the Cromwellian monarchy would have been a sort of Protestant counterpart of the monarchy of Louis XIV. Moreover, when we are estimating the Restoration, we are before all things to remember that the Stuarts did not take the place of the Cromwells, but only of the military anarchy which followed the disappearance of the Cromwells.

It is no less untrue to call the Restoration an apostasy from virtue than to describe it as a return to servitude. I have no fancy whatever to rehabilitate Charles II. or his court, and it is easy to make an effective contrast between the scandals of the Restoration and the decorum of the interregnum. But George Eliot warns us against that narrow, purely private view of morality to which we are too prone. A nation is demoralized much more by public crimes than by private vices. And whatever excuses may be made for the founders of the military government, whatever reasons we may allege for believing them sincere and well-intentioned, it remains that they had crushed the liberties of the country and established the degrading supremacy of an army. The cause of demoralization lay here, and especially in the fact that the destruction of liberty had been accomplished in the name of religion. The military government might be decorous, but it was fundamentally immoral. Miscalling itself a republic, it was a tyranny founded on mere force. The Restoration government was presided over by a cynic and a libertine, but the government itself was legitimate in the best sense of the word, for it was founded not only on ancient laws, but also on the hearty, well-nigh unanimous, consent of the people. When therefore we are told of the relaxation of morals which followed the Restoration, let us inquire what party was responsible for it. Ma

caulay himself has charged it upon the Puritans, who, according to him, strained the moral bond until it broke. But this explanation, I take it, misses the point. It was not merely their overstrictness that produced immorality by reaction, it was their complicity with tyranny, the share they had had in the destruction of English liberty. As much as it is to be desired that a true religion should control men's politics as well as their private actions, so much the invasion of politics by a crude, confused religious system is to be feared. When a nation has trusted itself to religion, and has been duped, a violent reaction against all religion cannot but set in. The low tone of the Restoration period, the profound mistrust of anything like enthusiasm which reigned for a good century afterwards, had its origin not in the Restoration itself, but in the reign of the sects, in the grand disappointment of a nation which, by following the party of religion, had lost its liberties.

If I have pursued this subject so far, though it was introduced only by way of illustration, this is because nothing could illustrate more fully my view of the manner in which a corruption of history causes by contagion a corruption of politics. First under pretext of a prophetic gift which has a right to dispense with precision and with logic, a flood of rhetoric and of bastard poetry is let loose over the most important historical subjects. This loose mode of treatment does not, as is supposed, merely affect insignificant details, but blurs or completely misrepresents the large outlines of history. That the military government was a tyranny seems as evident now to those who look calmly at the facts as it seemed evident to almost all Englishmen for a century and a half. But let the subject be treated in a literary manner, that is, let pictures be substituted for reasonings, let persons and characters occupy the foreground and political reflection be made subordinate, taking always the form of hints, or short, impassioned comments, or poetical rhapsodies, and it is quite possible to make Cromwellism wear a splendid and glorious appearance. The misrepresentation is at first allowed to pass, because before a public so indifferent to history no historical question can be seriously tried, and then a new generation quietly adopts it because it is more cheerful, more animating, more poetical than the old view. But in adopting it they insensibly adopt

a whole scheme of politics, which condemns all the traditional politics of the country. To say that the Great Rebellion was glorious, and the Revolution of 1688 a feeble compromise, is to repudiate in one word what may be called the English method in politics and to adopt the French method in its place. It is to abandon the politics of statesmen for the politics of literary men, for indeed Rebellion *v.* Revolution is the test-question between the two schools. The Rebellion represents the policy of strong sensations, intense action and passion, affording rich materials to the romancer, but completely unsuccessful, creating a strong tyranny in the effort to resist a weak one, repudiated at last by the whole nation, and consigned to oblivion for more than a century; the Revolution disappoints romancers, but it arrests the attention of political students as furnishing the unique example of a nation in extreme excitement doing precisely the thing it wished to do, and neither more nor less.

But if this ready adoption of Carlylian eccentricities is in itself unworthy of advanced politicians, in particular instances they proclaim it in a style which is positively alarming from the confusion of thought, the helpless somnambulism which it betrays. For they bring up the name of Cromwell at a moment when they are crusading against "imperialism," against jingoism, and the spirited foreign policy, and when they wish to hint that the time is at hand when it will be desirable to substitute republicanism for monarchy. Now whatever may be open to question in Cromwell's career, it is surely not doubtful that on the one occasion in which Englishmen have tried the experiment of a republic it was Cromwell who stepped forward to crush it, that, having crushed it, he proceeded to reconstruct the monarchy, that, in doing so, he showed a manifest intention of abiding by the old form, and in particular that he restored the House of Lords, but that so far as the Cromwellian monarchy differed from the old English monarchy, it differed by having a much larger infusion of imperialism, and as a natural consequence distinguished itself specially in the department of foreign affairs. The founder of English imperialism and the inventor, if not of jingoism, yet certainly of the spirited foreign policy, is cited with triumph by the opponents of both at the very moment when they are opposing them most warmly!

It is time to collect the results of this

paper. "We are not political philosophers." This does not mean that we are less so than most other nations, nor yet that there is not among us a vast amount of political knowledge of a certain kind; nor again that there are not individuals, perhaps fully as numerous as in other countries, whose political knowledge is profound. But it means that the profound knowledge of the few, and the large command of detail on special questions possessed by many, do not together constitute an adequate national knowledge of politics when the larger political questions are thrown open. At such times great masses of men ought to be—what is most difficult—political thinkers, and I have urged—

First, that the majority of the working classes are childishly ignorant of the larger political questions. When we are told that our working classes are disposed, almost too much disposed, to learn from their betters and from those who are wiser than themselves, I believe it is overlooked that a little education and a little power fatally destroy such half-animal docility. Look at Germany, where the same disposition to reverence and loyalty was once stronger than in England, and see the coarse and furious contempt for all tradition that has sprung up since the introduction of universal suffrage. But, secondly, I urge—

That in the educated classes, putting aside the few who devote themselves to politics, there is much less trustworthy and precise knowledge of political principles than is commonly supposed. Our education runs off to classics, belles-lettres, and art on the one side, and to exact science on the other, so that on politics, and that part of history which is closely connected with politics, that is, recent history, they are at the mercy of the fashionable historians of the day, being wholly unable to test the views which such historians put before them. And, thirdly, I have urged—

That in the department of recent history our writers, being dependent for their literary success on the suffrages of the general public, have been compelled to adopt a low standard. They have formed the habit of regarding themselves as popular writers or writers for the young, and have accordingly put all their force into narration and florid description, so as to become, in one word, rather men of style than men of science. The result of this has been not merely to

damage the quality of history, but to pervert its judgments to an infinite extent by substituting the literary for the properly political estimate of public men and public actions. And as practically our opinions on the larger political questions depend upon rough conclusions drawn from the more conspicuous historical phenomena, the corruption of history has caused a corruption of the political views of the educated class.

These evils are closely connected among themselves, yet they are not equally easy to remedy. One of them, however, and that, in my view, the worst of all, if it were once fully recognized, would be remedied without difficulty. The corruption of history has an obvious cause in the absence of any sufficient *corps* of specialists among whom the true notion of history might be preserved, and to whose judgment historians might appeal with confidence. Any other serious study would decline as history has declined if it were left to itself as history has been left. If astronomy were handed over to the judgment of the general public, Airy and Adams would be obliged to give up the use of symbols, and to publish charming poetical books upon the wonders of the heavens; if geology were in the same condition, Ramsay and Geikie would devote themselves to producing nice little volumes on the pleasures of the seashore, adapted to amuse families during their summer holiday. History only needs to be protected as other serious studies are protected, or rather it is only one section of history that needs to be so protected. The corruption does not extend to ancient history, where Grote and Curtius and Mommsen have met with due appreciation; even mediæval history is affected by it only in a secondary degree, for we are all proud of Professor Stubbs, though not by any means so proud as we ought to be. It is only the recent periods that have been invaded by the literary romancing school, and in which that school is supported by the enthusiastic fervor of the public. Unfortunately these are just the periods in which the domain of history confines with that of politics.

This evil, then, would be in a great degree remedied by a considerable increase in the number of teachers and students at the universities, or lecturers proceeding from the universities, who should devote themselves to this part of history; and as the study of history in general is advancing in the universities,

this result will be secured if only the special importance of the recent periods is properly recognized. When this is done, the time will soon arrive when the body of specialists will be strong enough to guide the popular judgment. More, no doubt, would still be needed to give the study a full degree of vitality and independence, and we must look forward with hope to a time when modern studies on a large scale shall be established in schools as well as in universities. In those days modern history will flourish between modern languages and modern literatures, and there will be some chance of curing nations of their somnambulism when each generation shall be taught seriously and thoroughly to know the world in which it is to live.

In those days the second evil too will be remedied. Not only will history be cured by being put into the hands of specialists, but at the same time the large mass of educated men will be able to form on political questions not merely a common-sense judgment — this is not enough when the questions at issue are fundamental — but a learned judgment. They will be in possession of all the results at which political thinkers have arrived, and in possession also of the facts of history, by which I do not mean the facts of biography, nor yet merely the famous occurrences of history, but the development of institutions and the precise process by which States have prospered or decayed. But even before that time arrives, if only the students of recent history can become more numerous and more influential, an approximation to this result may be made, and the educated class, by having a larger admixture of historical specialists, may make a perceptible advance in the clearness of their political views.

The other evil, it must be confessed, is in its nature irremediable. It is impossible even to conceive the great mass of the working classes educated to the point of having a sound judgment on questions of national policy. Still perhaps even here something may be done. The great danger lies in the sanguine extravagance of opinion natural to a class which has no intellectual experience. Their politics are likely to be the politics of impulse or passion, or if of thought, then of unpractised thought, that is, thought misled by empty generalities, and judging of things *sur l'étiquette du sac*, by the label on the bag. Now it is the special function of science to correct this very class of errors,

to teach the lesson that impulse and passion are not safe guides unless they are combined with clear knowledge, and that thought without method leads to mere fanaticism. And since on the other hand it is the special study of party politics to practise on these errors, to appeal recklessly to popular impulse, and to play with ambiguous words, there is here surely an opportunity for science to do real good in the field of politics. The universities might extend their influence even more widely than they have yet done. Not by interfering directly in party strife, but by peaceful teaching, by introducing definition and precision where only loose declamation has hitherto been heard, by drawing from history not romantic blustering stories, but information about the experiments that have been tried in politics, and the degree of success that has attended them, it seems that much might be done to diffuse the conviction, above all things calculated to correct extravagance, that politics are a difficult, an anxious art, an art in which disaster is the normal result of declamation, party violence, and romantic history.

J. R. SEELEY.

From The Saturday Review.
PROMISING YOUNG MEN.

PERHAPS the least vulgar type of lion-hunting is the looking out for the germs of future greatness. A man of established reputation in literature or art is an object patent to everybody's view, and to pay him honor is merely to do what others are doing. The young man who is just beginning to attract attention is a less conspicuous object. To spy him out quickly implies a certain amount of individual discrimination, as well as access to the inner circle of competent judges who are likely to set the future fashion of appreciation. One does not wonder, then, that the young man of promise figures as an object of special interest in refined society. The situation of such a promising young man seems at first sight a purely enviable one. To receive marks of lively interest and respect at an age when the thirst for recognition is at its keenest, to set a number of young women dreaming of one's future glorious achievements, and a number of less fortunate young men bewailing their fate, may well intoxicate a mind that is not wholly given

up to ardent ambition. This first taste of the sweets of popularity is among the few sensations of a lifetime that are never forgotten. Indeed we may say that to realize one's own brilliant success in this way prospectively, and through the eager hopes of a few warm admirers, is the most delicious mode of enjoying success. Yet no form of human bliss is quite free from taint of imperfection, and even the youthful aspirant who has succeeded in awakening this romantic interest in his future finds that there are drawbacks to his delight. It not infrequently happens that this newly awakened admiration is very unintelligent. Where there is very little actual performance to build upon, people easily get erroneous ideas of a man's special capabilities and aims. A newly-created hero has to be magnanimous, and to submit with good grace to a great deal of foolish misapprehension. In most cases he must be content to be recognized as tending to greatness, without expecting people to understand wherein exactly his greatness is likely to manifest itself. The situation will sometimes be a trying one. If, for example, one of the newly-formed circle of admirers puts the hero of the moment through a long and searching examination under an exaggerated idea of his attainments and powers, he will very likely feel bored, and be ready to anathematize the inconveniently importunate questioner for not having taken the trouble of ascertaining his real position and pretensions. It is, however, in relation to the future that the position of a promising young man is most beset with difficulties. When society thus advances its meed of praise in return for a promissory note, it is apt to be somewhat exacting. The young writer or painter who has excited this lively interest in his future must make up his mind to be carefully watched. And the very people who were most unreflecting in taking his future reputation on trust will be apt to be equally unreasonable in their expectations. If we add to this that the first conceptions formed, as has been observed, are very often quite erroneous and greatly exaggerated, we see in what an awkward situation the promising young man is likely to be placed. Even if he does advance according to his own anticipations, and fulfil all the hopes that could reasonably be grounded on his first performances, he may excite a measure of disappointment. And then it sometimes happens that, through no fault of

his own, his young talent does not go on developing as it ought to do. Nature provokingly orders that in the fuller life of manhood, as in early life, precocity should sometimes be followed by mediocrity. The pledge given by college reputation, and even by the first essays in public life, is sometimes illusory, just as the pledge given by exceptional infantile endowments. And when this happens the promising young man may be said to be hardly used. He is not only foredoomed to personal disappointment, but is made the unwilling instrument of others' disappointment. On the whole, however, it is probable that society is not unjust in demanding a fulfilment of the early promise which it has recognized and honored. Allowing for an occasional arrest of intellectual development, and for the interruptions of progress by feeble health, we must admit that most of the disappointments that occur are traceable to a want of persistence in the promising aspirant. Many who are possessed of considerable natural powers are not indisposed to make a short, strenuous effort after greatness, though they much dislike long and sustained exertion. With such the first sip of flattering recognition acts as a narcotic; it brings a perfect content with the present, and paralyzes the organs of action. The very sweetness of the prospective enjoyment of full success may easily render the mind which is not too deeply devoted to the ends of truth or beauty indifferent to a future realization of anticipations. The only guarantee against this early defection from lofty aims is the existence of strong and genuine devotion and high conscientiousness, and these qualities do not appear to be common. While there are many who thus abandon effort in literature and art through the undermining influence of an agreeable lethargy, there are others who do so because their incipient success has brought them other and more material advantages. Distinction is an obvious passport into society, and promising young men, finding this out, are under a temptation to forego further celebrity in favor of the material rewards which social position brings with it. We have heard it said of more than one promising writer that he would have made his mark in literature had he not married a woman of society. In his case there is clearly no room for excuse or explanation. When a youthful aspirant in literature relaxes effort under the sedative influence of pres-

ent partial success, a serviceable friend may proffer a plausible excuse, putting down the later inactivity to overwork and consequent debility. But when a man deliberately binds himself by social ties which are incompatible with a hearty carrying forward of his early plans, his want of sincerity and depth is patent to all. Such temporary aspirants must therefore be ready to brave the resentment which naturally follows the willing extermination of agreeable hopes. They generally manage to put a good face on the situation, which is apt to seem a little ludicrous to a thoughtful onlooker. The gains accruing to them from their change of life are sufficiently real and palpable to render them callous to the contempt with which their former admirers and well-wishers are apt to visit their infidelity. It might perhaps be expected that, in view of so many disappointments, society would grow more chary in the recognition of early signs of distinguished ability. And there is no doubt that a certain measure of caution in this respect would be a very good thing. It is, of course, well enough to encourage first efforts by a just recognition, but this is a very different thing from hastily making a hero of the beginner in science and art before he has fully won his spurs. A man who is sincerely devoted to the ends of truth does not need the stimulus of this prospective applause; he can wait for a later and fully-earned praise. On the other hand, the prospect of this rapid social recognition serves to incite the half-hearted and the pretentious to a fleeting and deceptive effort. Yet we very much doubt whether people will ever grow wiser in this respect. The motives which lead them to take up a new-comer who seems to give promise of intellectual distinction are too powerful to be readily curbed by considerations of prudence. A new figure in the world of letters is too interesting a phenomenon to be passed by: even if the eager admirers face the possibility of being deceived, they are scarcely likely to withhold their interest. The selection of a promising *protégé* may be made all the more exciting and pleasant by the presence of an element of uncertainty. It seems specially chivalrous to back up a young aspirant whose career is by no means assured. And so we may be pretty certain that good-natured people will, in spite of frequent disappointment, continue eagerly to accept and endorse literary and artistic promise whenever it makes its appearance.

From The Spectator.

DEAN CHURCH ON INTELLECTUAL IMPATIENCE.

It was a fine discrimination which induced the Dean of St. Paul's, in his address of the 12th inst. to the Junior Clergy Society, to choose for his subject "Temper," or, as we should prefer to call it, intellectual impatience. That is what he means by his careful definition of the sense in which he uses "temper," and though his is the better word for his purpose, conveying as it does something of moral reprobation, for ours the equivalent we suggest is the more useful, as it does not demand the recurring and, therefore, vexatious explanations rendered needful by the conventional meaning attached to "temper." There can be little doubt that intellectual impatience, like many other intellectual foibles, tends in our day to increase, till it becomes almost a vice. It is developed both by increased intelligence, and by the increased rapidity with which the intelligence is fed with facts. We understand more than we did, and therefore sympathize more; and, when we perceive an evil, become more impatient for its removal, so impatient as to forget that though we may now understand that denudation produces floods, and may hear that a flood occurred in Castile half an hour ago, neither our new knowledge nor our new control of an instrument as quick as thought will make the needed trees grow up one hour the faster. We have gained speed in certain departments of action, especially the diffusion of news, till the sense of time in our minds has become impaired, and we expect haste in changes involving natural processes or revolutions of thought which none of our discoveries help to accelerate. The tree does not grow, or the child become a man, or enslaved races become free one whit the quicker for the telegraph, nor are human stupidities very much diminished. All that happens is that we feel more keenly and see more rapidly what is wrong, and that our impatience, or "temper," with obstructive facts, or events, or men, exercises more power over our own minds. We fret, not only to have things altered, but to have them altered now, with a bitterness which, as Dean Church justly says, is not the fire which burns in some men against a great abuse, or the indignation which the best men feel against a cruelty or a baseness, but is only temper, — a querulous and weak, because powerless form of rage against what cannot be altered. There is no greater

snare for good men, for they seem to themselves not only to be justified in their impatience, but to derive from it a new energy, a stronger impulse to exertion in the right direction. As a rule, however, when under this influence they only exert themselves for mischief, either by mistaking the men whose conduct worries them, or by acting before anything is ripe, or, above all, by using weapons to which, but for a governing impatience, they would disdain to resort. A good deal, for instance, of the new bitterness of party feeling is due to this cause, — that is, to a quickened impatience of the unfairness, or slowness, or blundering of the opposite side, so fiery that it must find vent somehow and does find vent in exaggeration and impassioned appeal, and above all, in rancor against opponents; which leads to nothing, except an increased inability to understand, and therefore to defeat them. The defect may be and very often is, as the dean has noticed, a defect of good men; but it never can lead to good, for it must diminish the clearness of mental vision, and therefore decrease the effectiveness of action. It is natural enough to rage because men cut down trees, till a country is a desert; but to stop the cuttings, the first thing is to understand the motive for cutting, and more may be done to stop the practice by a sympathetic comprehension of that, and a consequent effort to remove that, than by any indulgence of "temper," even though it should seem for the moment to increase force. No increase of man's force will alter things not within man's control, and there never was a great cause yet, be it the enfranchisement of a nation or the purification of a Church, or only the improvement of a tenure, which had not in it certain conditions wholly beyond man's control, or at least beyond rapid change. All the bitterness in the world against the misery caused by hunger will not enable Ireland to grow rice, or make Celts Saxons, or alter at a stroke the prejudices of ages. You may be as impatient as you please that railway accidents should occur, but the impatience will not affect that proportion of them caused by "act of God," such as changes of temperature suddenly affecting metal, or human failures of mental power such as caused the Vauxhall accident, or those unexpected combinations of incident which we call chances. Impatience under such circumstances does but cloud the judgment and embitter the nature, and if much indulged, wears out energy till the man, in a kind of despair, ceases

to hope, and therefore to exert himself. That is one cause, at least, of the lethargy so often observed in old philanthropists, and of changes such as Dean Church mentions took place in Lamennais, who, finding that he could not make the Roman Church what he believed it might be made, first lost faith in it, and then in Christianity. Like a petulant child, if the rules were not altered he "would not play," but sulk in a corner. One sees that change forever in the victims of "temper," the men who cannot be satisfied when they have done their share, and there is no greater cause of loss to the reservoir of philanthropic force. If the situation admits of it they try compulsion, and are beaten by the resistance of human nature, the course of the better terrorists; and if not, they give way and retreat as from an incurable world, as hundreds of saintly Catholics have done. The men who can go on pegging away, on behalf of right, against hope, without losing "temper," or misjudging opponents, or resorting to questionable means, are very few, and grow fewer every day; and yet how strong they are! Suppose a man of intellectual impatience had been in Abraham Lincoln's place.

It did not enter into Dean Church's purpose to consider whether intellectual patience can be taught, for he was, of course, looking for a cure to self-restraint, founded upon religious feeling and trust in God; but we fancy that even in the intellect, means of improvement can be found. Experienced statesmen, for instance, often free themselves wonderfully from intellectual impatience. They have seen so much, and know so well how long-lived some evils are; how much may be done before anything seems to be done; how suddenly, after years of steady effort, the unendurable breaks away and disappears. They recognize, what we all forget, how much the element of time enters into everything human. Earl Russell said it took seven years in this country to pass any great measure. A man who knew that, and yet had passed many, could not feel temper as the inexperienced feel it, — could not rage so at the stupidity of mankind, and the malice of opponents, and the perversity of events. He would know that his scheme, say, national education, would survive all that, and would fight on, unhasting, unrelenting, without rancor for his foes, perpetually convincing a few more and a few more, until at last all England was converted, and "truncancy" was registered in the code of defi-

nite and punishable offences. It is a great force, that power of expectancy, and we believe the way to grow it is to recall much more than we do the slowness of things, the time they take, the long intervals during which no progress is made. It is the hardest thing in the world to remember historic intervals of time, to be fully conscious that Rome took as many years to master the shores of the Mediterranean as have elapsed between our time and the Crusades, to recollect that the old paganism was more centuries perishing than have passed since the Reformation, to remember steadily that it was nearly eighteen hundred years before men saw that Christianity and slavery were irreconcilable, or that there must exist some morally right proportion between offence and punishment. It took Romilly years to convince Englishmen that larceny did not deserve death, and yet how utterly the possibility of inflicting such a penalty for such a crime has passed away! The cure for intellectual impatience, the "temper" which is not anger, but blinds as much as anger, is a full realization of the fact that among the conditions which man must obey, the effect of time is one. You cannot replace its result by any substitute whatever, any more than you can give a man experience. You may make him wise and full of knowledge, but experience is an incommunicable gift. Trust in God is the best preventive of intellectual temper, but the next best is a steady, conscious regard towards the necessity of the element of time, in all natural processes and all human affairs. Energy can accomplish much, but it cannot hurry an accurate clock one second in a year.

From Hardwicke's Science-Gossip.
SPIDER-KILLING WASPS.

THE following is an interesting extract from a lady's letter, dated Pieter Maritzburg: "In a corner of my bedroom window a bit of architecture has been going on which has much interested us all. A pair of slender wasps, with golden bodies and purple wings, came and built, bit by bit, most industriously and fast, seven tunnels of clay; the male insect worked, he fetched the moist pellets of clay from a distant puddle outside the garden. These he worked with mouth and paws into shape most beautifully. When the first tunnel was complete the female went

in and laid her eggs at the bottom. Then together they flew away, and came back with a spider, half killed (that is, stung to a deadened state, but so that it would keep and not putrefy), and poor spider was tucked into the tunnel. The pair worked on hunting for spiders all day and popping them in, and night surprised them too soon; so the male fetched a pellet of clay and made a perfect door, closing up the hole from all intruders, and they disappeared. In the morning, quite early, I opened the shutter, without which they could not get at their work, and very soon they arrived. They cut and tugged at the still damp door, till it came away clear and left the open arch, and several more unfortunate spiders were added to the larder of the future grub, laid in embryo at the end of the tunnel. Then it was closed with fresh clay, and made doubly secure by an extra thickness of daubing. And immediately, without waiting to rest, another tunnel was built side by side with the first. For days, I think quite a fortnight, we watched their steady work, until seven of these wonderful tombs—or should I say habitations?—were filled and closed. After the insects had quite finished and gone altogether, leaving the whole daubed together and cemented into one large lump of various shades of clay, I cut it out of the window, and have got it in a basket covered with net, so that we may see the exit of the young creatures that are to eat through all these spiders and break their way into the world some day. I opened one tunnel lengthwise that we might see and count the spiders—there were fifteen in it! Fat-bodied little garden spiders of various sorts; one was too big to push in, so they had cut its legs off at the roots! We waited just a little too long before digging an opening into that wasp's mud castle. What we found was this: a long, transparent, brown case, and within it a wasp perfectly formed, but colorless. Not a trace of the fifteen spiders! And these must have been eaten by the little grub which came out of the egg—probably the egg was laid in the fat body of a spider; and when the spiders were all eaten we can only suppose the grub went through a change and came into the wasp, but how that beautiful case was formed over it I cannot imagine. You could see the creature inside perfectly as if it were made of glass, and the whole thing exactly fitted the tunnel of clay. After a few more days, another tunnel was opened, not by us, but by the perfected wasp itself. A round

hole at the end was cut as if with a sharp instrument, and out walked the pretty creature, slowly and sleepily. Then it walked up on the top of the clay mound and spread its wings in the sun, and looked out at the world quite ready to take its place at once on the business of life. We uncovered the net from the basket and let it fly; and next season I shall look out for another such erection, and open the tunnel earlier, so as to see the grub when half through its larder of cold meat. We saw another and much larger sort of wasp the other day running along with a very large fat caterpillar which it had deadened; it held it by the head in its mandibles, and the body trailed along under the whole length of the wasp and out behind, and the caterpillar was so fat that the wasp had to stride along on tip-toe to carry it at all. At last it stopped—left the body a moment, and began like a terrier to scratch at a hole: the loose earth fell away at once, and was evidently only banked up to hide the hole from intruders. The wasp ran in and disappeared; presently out he came again, backwards, with some earth which had fallen in; and he did this several times, throwing out all the earth which had tumbled in. Then he ran and inspected the body of the caterpillar, ran all round it gleefully, and dragged it nearer to his hole. Then we laughed to see the clever fellow, sailor-like, turn himself round and pop down the companion, tail first; and then, peeping out, he reached out his head and arms, and seizing the caterpillar, pulled it down after him, into what seemed a long gallery, leading a great distance. No doubt an egg was laid in the body of the caterpillar for the future grub's sustenance."

From Nature.

A SUCCESSFUL AFRICAN EXPEDITION.

AFRICA is overrun with explorers of all nationalities. Too often of late have we had to read of failures, of abortive attempts on the part of expensively equipped expeditions to reach the field of their work, or of deaths by fever or assassination after the first difficulties were overcome. In spite of all, however, the unprecedented activity of recent years in this favorite field of exploration has pretty well filled up, with the leading features at least, that great blank space in the heart of the continent which in the rude maps

of our schoolboy days was marked "unexplored." In the very centre of that space there is still however a blank, giving ample scope for work for the numerous Belgian expeditions that have hitherto done so little. It was to fill up this blank to some extent that the Geographical Society, about two years ago, obtained subscriptions to send out an expedition under young Keith Johnston, who had inherited an enthusiasm for geographical work quite worthy of the name he bore. As his subordinate and as geologist to the expedition, the society appointed another young Scotchman, Mr. Joseph Thomson, a pupil of Prof. Geikie, who recommended him to the Geographical Society. To him, we grieve to say, it has been left to tell the story of the expedition, which he did, and did well, on Monday night at the opening meeting of the Geographical Society. This expedition is remarkable in many respects, in some points more remarkable than any other African expedition that we know of. The outline of its story is soon told. With one hundred and fifty of the best men that could be found in and around Zanzibar Keith Johnston left that place in May, 1879, and striking at once to the southwest, made for the north end of Lake Nyassa, which was the real starting-point for fresh work. Little more than a month after the start, young Johnston, who seemed to have the nerve and stamina of an athlete, succumbed to the malarious influences of the coast region, and was buried by his companion at Behobeho, to the north of the Lufiji River. Mr. Thomson, inexperienced youth of twenty-two though he was, was equal to the emergency. With admirable tact and nerve he took his place as the sole leader of the expedition, and accomplished even more than the work which the Society had chalked out for it. By an unexplored route, through barren wastes and over lofty mountains, through the sneaking Wakhutu and the warlike Mahenge, he and his followers made their way till their eyes were gladdened and their weary spirits refreshed by the sight of the waters of Nyassa. Thence, after brief rest, they resumed their march over the lofty and undulating plateau, which they found occupied the region between the north end of Nyassa and the south shore of Tanganyika. Leaving here the bulk of his followers, Mr. Thomson, with a handful of men, trudged his way over the rugged western shores of Lake Tanganyika, to visit the Lukuga and settle the

question whether it was an outlet or an affluent of the lake, a question which one would think could be easily solved, but on which Stanley and Cameron published diametrically opposite statements. After visiting the missionary station near the mouth of the river, and running across to Ujiji, Mr. Thomson returned to the Lukuga and traced it for some miles of its downward course. After barely escaping from the murderous Warua with their lives, the party sailed down the lake, and rejoining their companions made the return journey to Zanzibar along the usual caravan route with unprecedented rapidity, in about a year after the expedition set out under their late chief. Mr. Thomson declared with just pride that all this was accomplished without the shedding of a drop of blood for either offensive or defensive purposes; with one exception he brought all his men back "in the best of health and condition;" he has collected certain information about a considerable region which no white man had previously visited; he has solved one of the few remaining great problems of African geography; and he has located with certainty a great salt lake (Hikwa) whose existence previously had only been based on native rumor. Mr. Thomson is a trained geologist, and as such he has doubtless seen more than almost any previous explorer. He tells us of the metamorphic schists and gneiss which compose the mountains of the great central plateau; of the many extinct volcanic cones that lie around the north-west end of Lake Nyassa, and of the metamorphic clay slates, felspathic rocks and volcanic porphyries and tuffs that look down on the lake from the north and north-east. His further geological insight may dispel some of the illusions that seem to be abroad as to the abounding wealth of the African interior. Much of the country between the coast and Nyassa is barren waste; and the chief characteristic of the region between Nyassa and Tanganyika he found to be "utter barrenness and the absence of anything worth trading for." Instead of the mountains of iron and the miles of surface coal, nowhere did he see a single metal in a form which a white man would for a moment look at as a profitable or workable speculation; there is very little more iron, he maintains, than is sufficient to supply the simple wants of the natives. Coal he saw none, and he does not believe that such a thing exists over the wide area embraced in his route. This may be discouraging, but it is wholesome, and may prove a check to the wild

schemes sometimes broached by speculators for opening up the African interior. From the Chimboya Mountains to the south-east of Tanganyika Mr. Thomson found numerous streamlets flowing southwards, doubtless to join the Chambeze, which, after passing through many a lake and levying tribute from a region one million square miles in extent, pours its almost Amazonian volume, as the Congo, three thousand miles below, into the bosom of the broad Atlantic. The much-debated Lukuga he found, as Mr. Hore had found shortly before him, to be a broad and rapid river, flowing westwards from the Tanganyika Lake to the Luabala, as the Congo here is called; and Lake Hikwa he saw was a fine sheet of water with no outlet, lying among the lofty mountains, which stretch away east from southern Tanganyika. What may be the extent and value of the purely geographical observations obtained by Mr. Thomson we have no means of knowing; doubtless in this respect the expedition suffered in the death of Mr. Johnston, who was a trained geographer. But in other respects, in information as to the structure of the country, the nature of its products, and the character of its varied peoples, the expedition under Mr. Thomson has been fruitful to a high degree; altogether it is one of the best pieces of original work which our not too energetic Geographical Society has ever done. Mr. Thomson's well-written and well-read paper was received with enthusiasm by an unusually distinguished audience. We trust to be able very shortly to give details concerning both the geography and geology of the central plateau from Mr. Thomson's own hands.

From Hardwicke's Science-Gossip.

A NEW DEPARTURE IN BOTANY.

PERHAPS it is impossible for Mr. Ruskin to do anything commonplace. In his most whimsical moods his mastery over the form and framework of language is complete, and he never lapses into dullness or mediocrity. Whatever subject he touches he illuminates by the beauty of his style, and makes interesting by his wide grasp and analytic power. His love for the quiet processes of nature, and his lifelong study of natural objects, fit him admirably to expound the science of botany, and vivify the old teachings from a new standpoint. His own account of the origin and aim of "Proserpina" is "that

it was undertaken to put, if it might be, some elements of the science of botany into a form more tenable by ordinary human and childish faculties; or—for I can scarcely say I have any tenure of it myself—to make the paths of approach to it more pleasant. In fact, I only know of it the pleasant distant effects, which it bears to simple eyes; and some pretty mists and mysteries, which I invite my young readers to pierce, as they may, for themselves, my power of guiding them being only for a little way." The first step Mr. Ruskin takes is to reform the nomenclature at present in vogue, and his chief reason for this is very characteristic, namely, that the current names of many flowers are founded on unclean and debasing associations, of the devil's own contriving, and he assures his readers that he is always quite serious when he speaks of the devil. He gives a very amusing account of the existing confusion of names, and tells us, with a touch of comic seriousness, that the *Hemdrocallis* is now to be called *Funkia*, in honor of Mr. Funk, a Prussian apothecary! As might be expected, through the whole system of plant names proposed by Mr. Ruskin, there runs a distinct didactic no less than an æsthetic purpose. The terminations of the Latin family names will be for the most part of the masculine, feminine, and neuter forms. "Those terminating in *us* will indicate real masculine strength (*Quercus*, *Laurus*), or conditions of dominant majesty (*Cedrus*), of stubbornness and enduring force (*Cratægeus*), or of peasant-like commonalty and hardship (*Funcus*), softened, as it may sometimes happen, into gentleness and beneficence (*Thymus*). The occasional forms in *er* and *il* will have similar power (*Acer*, *Basil*). Names with the feminine termination *a*, if they are real names of girls, will always mean flowers that are

perfectly pretty and perfectly good (*Lucia*, *Viola*, *Margarita*, *Clarissa*). Names terminating in *a*, which are not also accepted names of girls, may sometimes be none the less honorable (*Primula*, *Campanula*), but for the most part will signify either plants that are only good and worthy in a nursery sort of way (*Salvia*), or that are good without being pretty (*Lavandula*), or pretty without being good (*Kalmia*). But no name terminating in *a* will be attached to a plant that is neither good nor pretty." "The neuter names terminating in *um* will always indicate some power either of active or suggestive evil (*Conium*, *Solanum*, *Satyrionum*), or a relation more or less definite to death; but this relation to death may sometimes be noble or pathetic—'which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven'—(*Lilium*). Names terminating in *is* and *e*, if definite names of women (*Iris*, *Amaryllis*, *Alceste*, *Daphne*), will always signify flowers of great beauty, and noble historic association. If not definitely names of women they will yet indicate some specialty of sensitiveness or association of legend (*Berberis*, *Clematis*)." These extracts will show the sort of ethical botany which Mr. Ruskin proposes. It will very likely appear to many to be more eccentric than useful, more fanciful than practical, yet it seems to me to be a sound principle that there should be a correspondence between the word and the thing, the nature, the essence of anything, and the word which labels it and fixes it in the storehouse of our language and literature. The literature of flowers is very extensive, and the highest ranges of poetry are adorned with flowers and floral emblems; it is fit, therefore, that every grace of language and idea should group round the bright tribes, "the stars which in earth's firmament do shine."

INDIAN IDEAS OF LIGHTNING.—The Indians of America have some curious ideas about thunder and lightning. Recently two Indian women were struck by lightning in the neighborhood of Fort Buford as they were carrying provisions to the garrison. The Indians could not be induced to stay near the bodies, which they thought to have become the habitation of an evil spirit. The catastrophe was attributed to the presence of whites. Nearly all the Indians of the United States imagine thunder to be caused by the flapping of the wings of a gigantic bird, while the flashes are iron serpents which everywhere

accompany this animal. The ancient tribes of the Mississippi valley worshipped thunder in the form of a god, who was to be propitiated with sacrifices; they offered him a dog whenever it thundered, or a child fell ill. This god was believed to produce fires. The natives of Honduras burn cotton-seeds on the altar of the gods whenever it thunders. More southern tribes do not offer sacrifices, but prostrate themselves abjectly on the ground on approach of a thunderstorm (which naturally diminishes their chance of being struck). In Mexico, sites for temples are supposed to be indicated by the Deity, where lightning strikes.

English Mechanic.